

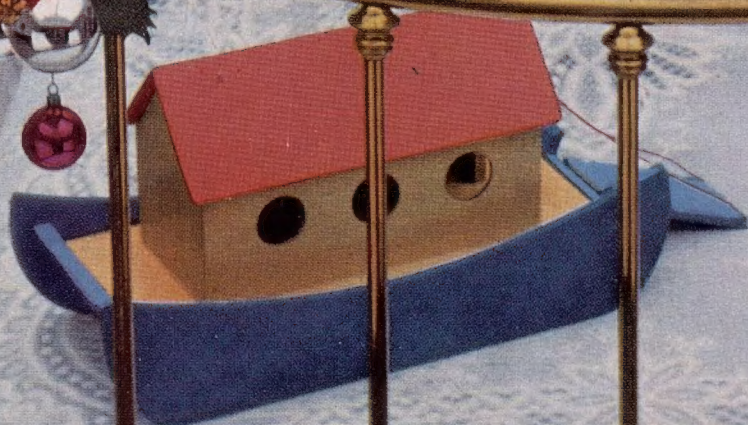
The

TATTLER

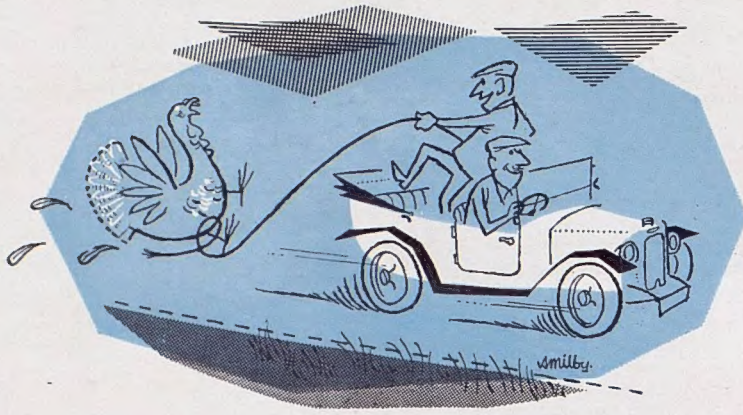


DECEMBER 24, 1958

BYSTANDER 2s. weekly



HAPPY
CHRISTMAS!



Pull the turkey, carve the crackers, kiss the mistletoe,

And get your car a present that will give it extra go.



Fill up with Christmas spirit at your local Esso Sign,

For miles of Happy Motoring in 1959.

*Sing its praises, sound the trumpets,
raise your glasses high,*



*The toast is Esso Extra—
finest you can buy!*



FINEST IN THE WORLD

WHERE to go...

Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

THE LIVE TURKEY is a delicate bird. Dead, it has the staying-power of a mammoth, and it is on this quality of an admirable fowl that most people will be basing their immediate plans. May they all prosper, and may the appropriate beverages be always near at hand. However, all virtues have their negative side, and repletion is bound often to set in. To those tossing on the troubled sea of dyspepsia with its dark horizon, this page is offered as a friendly beacon. There should be something in it to take anyone's mind off their worry, whether it is wondering what on earth to do with the children, or the near prospect of stumping up for Schedule A.

The shows are listed separately, but here are a few other diversions which should be noted. The Old Year ends with a double fanfare: The opening of the 5th National Boat Show at Olympia, and the golden jubilee Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall, both on 31 December.

Among the Christmas holiday lectures for

young people, one of the earliest is also on 31 December. It is called "Success with a Camera" and is being given by Mr. Stanley J. Coleman, at the Royal Society of Arts, John Adam Street, Adelphi, at 2.30. Mr. Coleman, head of the Polytechnic School of Photography, will save many gift cameras from causing unmerited disappointment. The Schoolboys' and Senior Students' Own Exhibition opens at Earls Court on 27 December to 6 January and I hope that parents will exercise self-control and not swamp it, as they do some young people's shows.

A true Christmas treat for the smaller children would be a visit to Pollock's Toy Museum just opened at 44 Monmouth Street near Cambridge Circus. This is a development of the toy theatre of the same name, and includes besides these a wide variety of antique dolls, foreign toys, magic lanterns, &c.

And finally for that traditional sight of the English countryside, the Boxing Day meet. Many of these will be held, including that of the Worcestershire Hunt at the Brine Baths Hotel, Droitwich Spa—a healthy and bracing note on which to wind up this column.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS
(from recent contributions):

Adorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

Restaurant Albert, Beak Street, W.1. "For over 20 years Albert Pessione has been providing first-class Continental cuisine at the right price."

The White Tower, Percy Street, W.1. "Of international fame . . . the *Roast Duck Farcie à la Grecque* with new potatoes was . . . as good as I have ever eaten."

The Trocadero, Shaftesbury Avenue. "I know of few better places to entertain than the private rooms."

Le Café Royale, 72 High Street, Wimbledon (Wimbledon 0238). ". . . between the common and the top of the hill . . . you can get a wide choice of authentic Continental cuisine prepared with skill by its experienced maitre chef and proprietor Edward Rampoldi."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

The Grass Is Greener (St. Martin's Theatre). "Among the few playwrights who have . . . sensed our need for more entertainment. Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Williams have the lightest touch . . . Theatrically effective . . . acted with . . . virtuosity. We know exactly where we are."

Where's Charley? (Palace Theatre). "An

instant success . . . extremely funny . . . well-drilled chorus. Mr. Norman Wisdom whirls and twirls in an ecstasy of good humour. Miss Pip Hinton . . . an enchantingly mischievous new star."

The Tunnel Of Love (Apollo Theatre). "A farce on a delicate theme . . . a wild escapade. With Mr. Brian Reece."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

tom thumb. "The children will be charmed. . . . Mr. Bernard Miles is nice and earthy, and Miss Jessie Matthews plump and cosy . . . there are some wonderfully animated and enchanting toys."

Bell, Book And Candle. "Charming, polished, featherweight comedy. . . . Miss Novak appears as a witch, and decorative too . . . her familiar, an elegant, talented and I will even say electrifying Siamese cat called Pyewacket."

Girls At Sea. "High jinks aboard a ship of the Royal Navy when a couple of visiting females are obliged . . . to spend a night aboard . . . this little piece is so old-fashioned it may strike the young as a delicious novelty."

Sally's Irish Rogue. "It is Mr. Harry Brogan who's the life and soul of this jolly Irish country comedy . . . the Abbey Players . . . are, or seem to be, all natural-born Irish characteractors . . . unusually entertaining."

The holiday shows in London

WHERE TO SPEND A
CHRISTMAS CHEQUE ON AN
ENTERTAINMENT WITH A
SEASONABLE FLAVOUR

Pantomimes:

CINDERELLA, Tommy Steele, Jimmy Edwards, Yana (*Coliseum*)

SLEEPING BEAUTY, Charlie Drake, Bernard Bresslaw, Patricia Lambert (*Palladium*)

KING CHARMING, Gwen Cherrell, Walter Horsburgh (*Lyric, Hammersmith*)

Circus:

BERTRAM MILLS (*Olympia*)

Children's:

PETER PAN, Sarah Churchill, John Justin, Julia Lockwood (*Scala*)

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS, Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin (*New Victoria*)

NODDY IN TOYLAND (*Victoria Palace*)

BILLY BUNTER'S MYSTERY CHRISTMAS, Gerald Campion (*Palace Theatre*)

HANSEL & GRETEL, Iris Kells, Patricia Bartlett, Anna Pollak, Sheila Rex, Raimund Herincx (*Sadler's Wells Opera*)

Ice show:

HOLIDAY ON ICE (*Empire Pool, Wembley*)

Gilbert & Sullivan:

D'OYLY CARTE SEASON (*Prince's Theatre*)

Period play:

THE SILVER KING, John Dailey, Prunella Scales (*Player's Theatre*)

Ballet:

CINDERELLA, Fonteyn, Beriosova, Linden, Nerina in turn (*Royal Ballet*)

THE NUTCRACKER, John Gilpin & Jeannette Minty; Marilyn Burr & Louis Godfrey; Natalie Krassovska & André Prokovsky in turn (*Festival Ballet*)

Musicals:

MY FAIR LADY, Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, Stanley Holloway (*Drury Lane*—ticket-holders only; bookings now are for August)

WEST SIDE STORY, Marlys Watters, Don McKay, Chita Rivera, Ken Le Roy, George Chakiris (*Her Majesty's*)

CHRYSANTHEMUM, Pat Kirkwood, Hubert Gregg (*Prince of Wales*)

THE BOY FRIEND, Ben Aris, Brian Blades, Sheila Bernette (*Wyndham's*)

EXPRESSO BONGO, Paul Scofield (*Saville*)

Revues:

SALAD DAYS, Derek Holmes, Virginia Vernon, Michael Barrington, Sheila Kennedy (*Vaudeville*)

LIVING FOR PLEASURE, Dora Bryan, Daniel Massey, George Rose, Janie Marden (*Garrick*)

FOR ADULTS ONLY, Miriam Karlin, Hugh Paddick, Ron Moody (*Strand*)

AT THE DROP OF A HAT, Michael Flanders, Donald Swann (*Fortune*)

...WHAT to see



Beach scene in the Bahamas

INVEST IN NASSAU REAL ESTATE

NO INCOME TAX

NO LAND TAX

NO DEATH DUTIES ON REAL ESTATE

Recently completed, three-bedroom, one-story house, adjacent to Nassau's newest golf course and beach club. The house contains two master bedrooms and a third double bedroom, living-room, separate dining-room, large kitchen, two porches, servants' quarters and double garage. Completely furnished and fully landscaped and ready for occupancy. Offered for immediate sale.



"ROUND HEAD," HARBOR ISLAND

Recently constructed three-bedroom house on 2½ acres of ground, commanding superb view of sheltered anchorage. All modern conveniences. Boat dock with boat shed and bath house, citrus fruit orchard, also cabana on famous Pink Sands Beach. Offered for sale fully furnished, at below replacement cost.

New three-bedroom, two-bath bungalow, living-room, separate dining-room, modern kitchen, servants' quarters, two-car garage. Fully furnished and completely landscaped. Offered for sale.



H. G. CHRISTIE

BEACH FRONTAGE

REAL ESTATE

ISLANDS

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Van Hallan



The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXX. No. 2998

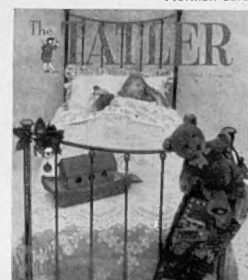
24 December 1958

TWO SHILLINGS

A calennig for Christmas...

AND JUST WHAT is a calennig? It's a symbol, an ornament, an original touch for your Christmas decorations. As the picture shows, it has the stark contemporary look, but its origin is older than Christmas itself. The calennig was a pagan symbol of fruitfulness. Here it is shown in a Christianized do-it-yourself form. The three projecting hazel rods, whittled and decoratively carved, stand for the Holy Trinity, the candle for the light of the world, and the ears of corn, the holly and the evergreen for the fruits of the earth. The orange (an apple would do, though it's not so colourful) represents the earth. There is some reason for thinking that the original significance had a gory side, but in the version suggested the calennig makes a cheerful and innocent addition to the Christmas setting, entirely in keeping with the more familiar scene alongside.

Norman Eales





Bassano

Miss Fiona Christina Crane to Flt.-Lt. Frederic Mallett: She is the daughter of Major Hubert Trench Crane & Lady Joanna Crane, Besom House, West Mersea, Essex. He is the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. F. C. Mallett, Moberlys, Winchester, Hants



Vandyk

Miss Virginia Hooper to Mr. Bryan Stevens: She is the daughter of Mrs. & the late Mr. Ian Hooper, Archery Close, W.2. He is the only son of Sir Roger & Lady Stevens, Hill Farm, Thursley, Surrey



Harlip

Miss Susan Colebrooke to Mr. Henry White-Smith: She is the daughter of the late Major J. C. Colebrooke, and Mrs. P. Pirie-Gordon, Cleardown, Old Woking. He is the son of Lady (Millicent) & the late Sir Henry White-Smith, Cadogan Sq., S.W.1



Andrew Paterson

Miss Janet Ann Somerville to Mr. Angus Stewart MacDonald: She is the eldest daughter of Air Commodore & Mrs. D. M. Somerville, Inch Bae, Garve, Ross-shire. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. A. MacDonald, Conon Bridge, Ross-shire



Pearl Freeman

Miss Susan Carr to Mr. Angus Selwyn Lloyd: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Carr, Sempstead Oast, Ewhurst, near Robertsbridge, Sussex. He is the son of the late Mr. Selwyn Lloyd & of Mrs. Lloyd, The Cottage, Walton - on - the - Hill, Surrey



Yevonde

Miss Diana Florence Sugden to Mr. Roger G. L. Lushington: She is the elder daughter of Lt.-General Sir Cecil & Lady Sugden, Pelham Court, London, S.W.3. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. G. L. L. Lushington, Woodlawn Park, Loose, near Maidstone



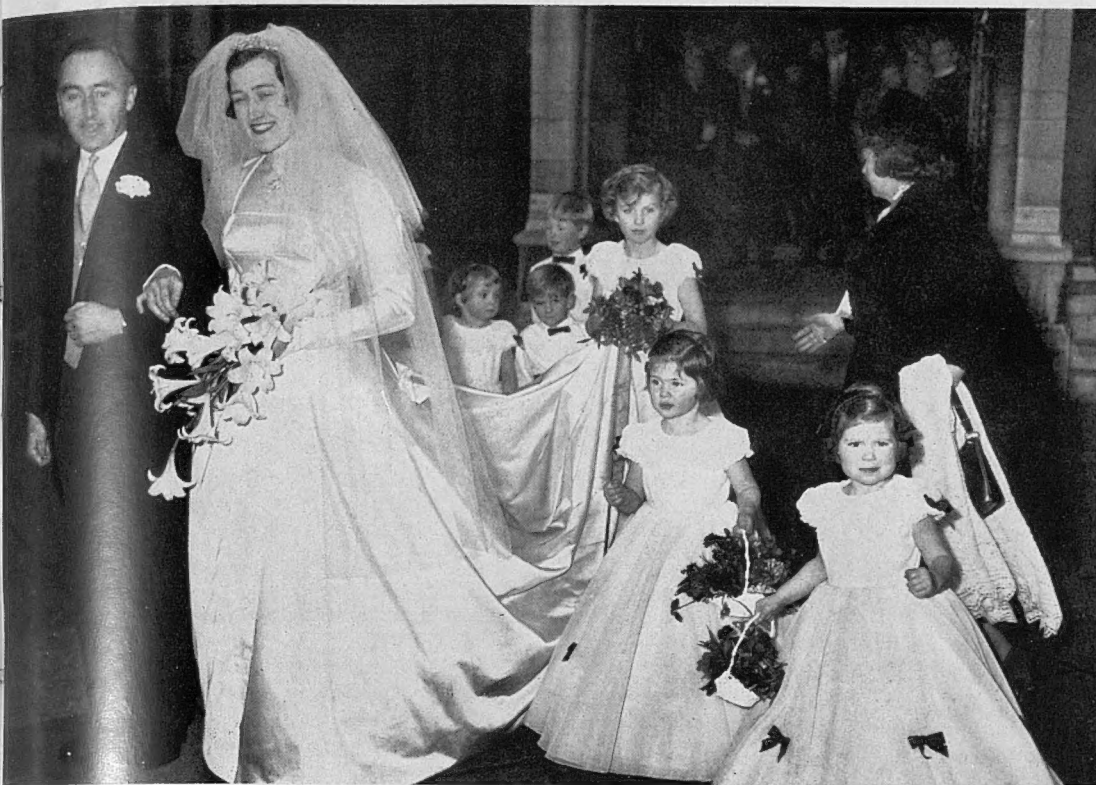
Yevonde

Miss Gay Pinckney to Mr. Ivor Paul Coats: She is the daughter of Dr. Charles Pinckney, F.R.C.P., & Mrs. Pinckney, Albert Hall Mansions, London, S.W.7. He is the son of Lt.-Colonel J. S. & Lady Amy Coats, Albert Hall Mansions, London, S.W.7



Yevonde

Miss Anne Margaret Hamilton to the Hon. Matthew Beaumont: She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Hamilton, Thurloe Square, S.W.7. He is the son of the late Viscount Allendale & the Dowager Viscountess Allendale, Hyde Park St., W.2



The Hon. Nathaniel & Mrs. Fiennes after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. See Jennifer this page

guests for well over an hour. They had a welcome for everyone, as had the bride and bridegroom.

Up from the village

It was an exceptionally happy wedding as not only were many relations of both families present, but also a large number of friends, including tenants and employees from the neighbourhood of the bridegroom's parents' historic home Broughton Castle, Banbury; also a bus load of villagers from around the bride's country home at Hambledon in Hampshire. Many of these had a double interest in the wedding, knowing both families; Lady Saye & Sele's father, the late Sir Thomas Butler, and his family before him having lived at Hambledon since the time of Charles I.

Everyone admired the wonderful wedding presents which were displayed in the throne room. Among the fine pieces of jewellery the bride received were three exquisite diamond stars from the bridegroom, a magnificent gold bracelet set with rubies and diamonds from a group of friends in the Diplomatic Corps, and a diamond brooch in a very modern design from the Brazilian Ambassador Senhor Assis Chateaubriand.

A fur coat for the bride

There was a canteen of old silver and superb silver entrée dishes from the bridegroom's parents, and among other presents from her parents the bride received a fur coat. Other friends sent everything one could imagine for a home.

The Hon. Charles Wood was best man and after the bride and bridegroom had cut their wedding cake he proposed their health. There were, however, no speeches.

Among members of the two families present were the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Salisbury-Jones and her aunt Miss Salisbury-Jones, her brother Mr. Raymond Salisbury-Jones and her half-brothers Mr. John Yerburch (who had come down from his home in Scotland) and Mr. Oscar Yerburch with his wife; the bridegroom's brother the Hon. Oliver Fiennes, who had assisted in the wedding service and who is, like the bridegroom, a fine cricketer and athlete, their aunts Miss Butler and the Hon. Mrs. Dunne, and their uncle Group Captain the Hon. Laurence Fiennes.

Princess Alice came to the reception and,

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Diplomatic wedding at St. Margaret's

by JENNIFER

EVERY embassy in London was represented at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when Miss Mariette Salisbury-Jones married the Hon. Nathaniel Fiennes, eldest son of Lord & Lady Saye & Sele. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, was also a guest. The bride's parents are Sir Guy & Lady Salisbury-Jones. Sir Guy is the much-loved and respected Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, which accounted for the pews full of ambassadors and other diplomatic friends.

The Bishop of Lincoln officiated at the sincere and moving service, assisted by the bridegroom's brother, Rev. the Hon. Oliver Fiennes, and the Rev. F. V. A. Boyse. The young couple had chosen lovely music, and the church was beautifully decorated with white flowers.

The bride was radiant in a dress of ivory-tinted satin with a full train trimmed with bows, designed by Worth. Her long tulle veil was held in place by her mother's diamond tiara. She had a retinue of children, many of whom were god-children of the bride or bridegroom. The pages were John Fortescue and William Gibson, who wore white silk shirts and crimson bow ties with crimson corduroy trousers. The little brides-

maids, Caroline Bell, Janet Erskine, the Hon. Sarah Spencer, Anna Surtees and Emma Wood, looked enchanting in long white organza dresses trimmed with bows of crimson velvet ribbon matching their Alice bands.

After the service a reception was held in St. James's Palace (kindly lent by the Queen). Here Sir Guy & Lady Salisbury-Jones, the latter good-looking in a royal blue patterned silk dress and small ostrich feather hat to match, and Lord Saye & Sele and Lady Saye & Sele (who was in brown with an aquamarine blue hat) stood receiving the



THE TATLER
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June in January

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: The National Boat Show at Olympia brings a touch of June in January. James Bartlett, who says that anyone who owns a car can afford a boat, will present the 1959 range of models. Also: The Waterborne Weekend, a gay guide for guests on what not to wear, by Elizabeth Smart

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LADY CLARE (*seven*), LADY CECIL (*ten*), and LADY ELIZABETH KERR (*four*) with the EARL OF ANCRUM (*13*), children of the Marquess & Marchioness of Lothian



Brodrick Haldane

Other People's Babies



Fayer

CAROLINE, 14 months,
daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. A. K.
Reuss, St. George's Square, S.W.1



PRINCE RONALD FREDERICK MUTEBI,
three years, son of
H.H. the Kabaka of Buganda

escorted by Mr. Oscar Yerburch, looked at the presents and greeted friends. She is shortly off to stay with her daughter Lady May Abel Smith in Queensland, where her son-in-law, Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith, is the Governor.

A diplomatic roll-call

Other friends at this big and happy occasion, included Mme. Prebensen, wife of the Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps the Norwegian Ambassador, the Swedish Ambassador M. Gunnar Häggglöf (who succeeds M. Prebensen as Doyen towards the end of January), the American Ambassador & Mrs. Whitney, the French Ambassador & Mme. Chauvel, the Peruvian Ambassador & Mme. Schreiber, the Spanish Ambassador & the Marquesa de Santa Cruz chic in black, the Cuban Ambassador Dr. Roberto Mendoza, the Moroccan Ambassador Prince El Hassan Ben El Mehdi and his lovely wife, the Philippine Ambassador & Mme. Guerrero, and the Polish Ambassador & Mme. Milnikiel.

I also saw Lady Fermoy, busy looking after the little bridesmaids, her son-in-law and daughter Viscount & Viscountess Althorp whose three-year-old daughter the Hon. Sarah Spencer was a bridesmaid, Mrs. Paul Bridgeman, one of the bride's god-mothers, Viscount & Viscountess Ebrington, Mrs. Edward Fiennes, Violet Viscountess Allendale (whose fourth son the Hon. Matthew Beaumont recently announced his engagement to Miss Anne Hamilton), and Sir Michael & Lady Peto in whose house the bride's parents first met.

The Attorney-General, too

Others present included General & Mrs. "Sammy" Butler, Sir Frederick & Lady Hoyer Millar, Viscount & Viscountess Curzon, the latter attractive in blue, Sir Norman Gwatkin who arrived at the reception with Major & the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbank, Rafaele Duchess of Leinster, Commandant & Mme. Cuissart de Grelle from the Belgian Embassy, Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Robin Hill, Mr. & Mrs. John Carnegie and Lady Anne Fummi with her daughter Francesca.

The Attorney-General Sir Reginald Man-

ningham-Buller was there with Lady Manningham-Buller, also Mr. & Mrs. Martin Fortescue, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Murray Lawes and Miss Murray Lawes, Mr. Eustace Robb escorting Mrs. Robert Taylor, Mme. Ofelia Mendoza who came with the Earl & Countess of Abingdon, Lord & Lady Harvey of Tasburgh, Major & Mrs. Victor Seely, Sir Denys & the Hon. Lady Lowson, and Mme. Roberto Arias (Margot Fonteyn), chic in a little red velvet cap and dark dress, talking to little bridesmaid Emma Wood, who is one of her many admirers.

Also: The Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood, Lady Cayzer and her son Sir James Cayzer, M. & Mme. Nubar Gulbenkian, Lady Tryon, Lady Moira Hamilton, Lord & Lady Freyberg, Mrs. Berkeley Stafford, Miss Nell Villiers, Lord & Lady Killearn, the Hon. Graham Lampson, the Earl & Countess of Bective, Capt. Owen & Lady Mary Varney, Mrs. des Graz and her daughter Bridget (who is now a qualified architect), Miss Richenda Gurney, Mr. Richard Baker Wilbraham, and two very old friends of the family Miss Andrews and Miss Daisy Edwards.

The bride's nanny

Miss Andrews was Mariette's nanny until she went to boarding school, and first went to Lady Salisbury-Jones when her eldest son John Yerburch (whose father the late Major Richard Yerburch, Irish Guards, died in 1926) was born. Miss Edwards, who dressed the bride's mother for her wedding, was with the family for years and now always comes back for special occasions. She helped dress the bride and went with Mariette and her father to the church to be sure her veil and dress were perfect before she went up the aisle.

After the reception the bride went across to change in her parents' grace and favour residence in St. James's Palace, and left for the honeymoon abroad wearing a red velvet beret with a red suit. A large number of friends had gathered under the Norman porch of the palace to wish the bride and bridegroom good luck as they left, and sitting by the car as it drove off was the bride's silky-haired dachshund Brummel with a red bow on his collar for the wedding.

continued on page 756

A Christmas ball

Presided over by the Hon. Griselda

Joynson-Hicks, the Club of the Three Wise

Monkeys is a leading London finishing school

PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

ALAN VINES



Right: Miss Madge Hickson (head of the dressmaking studio) helps Miss Maureen Cooper (Chile) and Miss Parvin Kia (Iran)



Preparing for the dance: Countess Marie-Louise Scheel (from Denmark) and Miss Margo Henderson-Turney (from Canada)



Fixing the decorations (right): Miss Gillian Grove-White, Miss Pamela Lawson (Scotland, kneeling), Miss Margo Henderson-Turney (England) and Miss Michele de Selliers (Belgium)



Time to go downstairs (l. to r.): Miss Susanne Fister (Switzerland), Miss Mina Movaghar (Iran), Countess Marie-Louise Scheel (Denmark), Miss Odette Klein (Brazil), Miss Michele de Selliers (Belgium), Miss Juliet Hatherell and Miss Julia Halford (England). Left: A glimpse into the ballroom after midnight



Miss Carmen Garcia-Monté (Spain) helps a friend with her make-up, watched by Miss Odette Klein (Brazil). Above: Miss Diana Aghan (Iran). There are about 50 girls at the school who come from all parts of the world

December bride

Miss Patricia Mary Barker who married the Hon. Jeremy David Alfonso John Monson at St. James's, Piccadilly. Jennifer reports the wedding below



Jamaican honeymoon

Between the church service and the reception after this wedding, I went along to 23 Knightsbridge to wish good luck to the Hon. Jeremy Monson and his bride (formerly Miss Patricia Barker) who had just been married at St. James's, Piccadilly. Fog permitting, they were leaving that night for Bermuda, Jamaica and later New York. The bridegroom, who is in the Grenadier Guards, is the second son of the late Lord Monson & Bettie Lady Monson, who was not at the wedding as she was waiting to receive them in Jamaica where she has a lovely home. The bride, daughter of the late Major George Barker, Royal Scots Greys, & Mrs. Barker, is a pretty girl and looked sweet in a dress of white brocade, with a train falling from the shoulders and a diamond tiara holding her tulle veil in place.

She was attended by page Hugh Peacock in a replica of the uniform of the Grenadier Guards, one child bridesmaid Marian Ash and eight older ones: Miss Anne Barker (sister of the bride), the Hon. Susan Remnant, the Hon. Penelope Dewar, Miss Jane Cely Trevilian, Miss Jane Barker and Miss Joanna Vanderfelt. All wore white moiré dresses with matching muffs and coronets of red and white rosebuds.

The bridegroom's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Garry Patterson, looked attractive in flame red, and in the short time I was there I saw Lord & Lady Remnant, Capt. David Davenport who was best man, Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Yorke and their son and daughter, Mr. Teddy Remington Hobbs listening to Mr. Ambrose Congreve explaining an atomic device he is interested in, and the Marquess of Hamilton whose sister was at the other wedding.

Consular cocktails

When the Nicaraguan Consul and Mrs. Palmers (who looked charming in red) gave a cocktail party in Belgrave Square, they had their daughter Miss Evelyn Palmers to help them entertain their guests. Miss

Palmers is a personal secretary to an M.P. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps were present. Among those I saw were the young and intelligent Philippine Ambassador and his petite and pretty wife, Mme. Dagnino the Venezuelan Ambassador's charming wife (who came alone as her husband was unable to fit this engagement in), the Chilean Ambassador, the Dominican Ambassador & Mme. Thomén who was chic in black, the Uruguayan Ambassador and the Austrian Ambassador Dr. Johannes Schwarzenberg with many members of his staff.

The German Minister & Frau Ritter were there, also the Italian Minister & Donna Vittorio Prunas, the Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps & Mrs. Malcolm, the Hon. Lady Sachs and her son Richard and Col. & Mrs. Burke from the American Embassy.

An impresario celebrates

One of the most successful impresarios, Robert Morley, the famous actor, gave a party on the stage of the Apollo Theatre to celebrate the fact that he has four successful productions now running in London. They are *Hook*, *Line And Sink* in which he plays the leading rôle at the Piccadilly Theatre, *The Tunnel Of Love* at the Apollo (now in its second year), *For Adults Only* that witty revue at the Strand and *No Concern Of Mine* the gay new comedy at the Westminster. At the party, enjoying a delicious supper, and later dancing on the stage, were the casts of all four productions.

Robert Morley was in tremendous form as joint host with his partner Robin Fox, and was photographed with their four leading ladies Joan Plowright, Miriam Karlin, Jan Holden and Judith Stott. His mother-in-law Gladys Cooper (who opened in a new play two nights later) looked radiant in black velvet dancing with Roland Culver. Other guests included authors Hugh and Margaret Williams who have scored a smash hit with their new comedy *The Grass Is Greener*, their leading lady Celia Johnson, and Ian Carmichael. (Pictures page 771.)

Children will help children

The Blue Bird children's party is to take place at the Hyde Park Hotel on 8 January from 3-6 p.m. This is in aid of the League of Pity (junior section of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children). Tickets 15s. 6d. each from Miss Violet Ballantine, 12 Herbert Crescent, S.W.1.

A young people's ball, also in aid of the League of Pity, is planned for the 16-23-year-olds under the name of "The Masked Ball," and is to be held at Quaglino's on 6 January from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Here there will be a tombola, hoopla and raffle, and Norman Wisdom will do a cabaret. Tickets 35s. each from the chairman, Countess Cadogan, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

Her playing delighted

Idil Biret, the 17-year-old Turkish pianist (see *News Portraits*, page 762), played brilliantly at a private recital in the fine Turkish Embassy in Portland Place where the Turkish Ambassador, Monsieur M. Nuri Birgi, invited a number of musical friends to hear her in the large and lofty first floor music salon. She played the *Fantasia* and *Fugue in G Minor* by Bach arranged for piano by Liszt, a series of pieces, Opus 119, by Brahms, a Paganini study transcribed by Liszt, and a *Prelude and Chorale* and *Fugue* by César Franck (with which she excelled herself); as encores she played the third part of Prokofiev's seventh sonata and Brahms's *Intermezzo*, Opus 76, Number 1.

Before the recital the guests were received by the Ambassador and his charming mother, Mme. H. Birgi, and enjoyed a glass of wine. After the young pianist had been allowed to stop playing there was a delightful supper party when about 60 guests, including Mlle. Biret and her parents, were seated at tables in the dining-room and library. Among the guests (all enthusiastic about this young artist who in spite of her talent is natural and unspoilt) were Mary Duchess of Devonshire in green satin with emeralds and diamonds, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley wearing rows of beautiful pearls with her black dress, Baroness Ravensdale who is extremely musical, and her sister Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, the Italian Ambassador Signor Zoppi, Sir Arthur Bliss and Sir David & Lady Kelly.

Spring in Vienna

I also saw Sir Ivone & Lady Kirkpatrick, Sir Robert & Lady Mayer, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft attractive in black velvet, continued on page 758

For the idle hours...

during the holiday the Christmas Number of THE TATLER makes delightful reading. There is still time to buy it (price: 3s. 6d.)



TALENT *at the annual winter show held by Civil Service Arts Clubs at the Guildhall Gallery*

Mr. & Mrs. A. F. Fountain (he has just retired from the Post Office) with Sir John Lang (he is Secretary to the Admiralty)

Desmond O'Neill



Mr. C. N. Molyneux was the model for a painting by Mr. R. W. Gilder, vice-chairman of the Association of Civil Service art clubs



Above: Mr. G. F. Gartan (of the Home Office) with his concrete bust, A Cingalese

Above, left: Mrs. C. Lorkin (a Ministry of Works tracer) with Mr. W. P. Cunningham (a Ministry of Works architect's assistant)



Miss D. Young & Mr. H. A. C. Speers, treasurer and secretary of the Post Office Savings Bank art club

Lord Bridges (chairman of the Royal Fine Art Commission) opened the Exhibition



Lady Birley, Lady Illingworth, Mr. Royalton Kisch (who is going out to Vienna in April to conduct an Austrian orchestra), Mr. Ian Hunter who travels thousands of miles around the world finding musical talent to play in this country, and Mrs. Ian Hunter, Mr. Archie Ross of the Foreign Office and his pretty wife, Mr. & Mrs. Hamish Hamilton sitting with that great connoisseur of music Mr. Clifford Curzon, and Mr. Vahit Halefoglu who is Counsellor at the Embassy. He was, with his attractive wife, helping the Ambassador look after his guests at this enjoyable party.

Earlier in the evening I had looked in at the Empress Club in Berkeley Street where Lady Edith Foxwell and Mrs. Louis Scott were giving a cocktail party to open the mammoth tombola which was being run on three consecutive days with hundreds of impressive prizes. On the afternoon of the third day there was also a children's party when Coco the famous clown came to amuse the children; also two live baby bears. This tremendous three-day effort was organized to raise funds for the National Playing Fields Association, and their target was £3,000.

Among the young girls helping with this marathon effort were Lady Edith Foxwell's daughter Miss Zia Foxwell, Zia's two cousins Miss Angela and Miss Nicola Seddon, Miss Melanie Lowson, Miss Yvette Andrews, Miss Virginia Coutts Trotter, Miss Rosalind Buxton, Miss Anne Cronin, Miss Mary Groves and the Hon. Susan Verney and Miss Eve Chapman, who are at The Cygnet's House at Queen's Gate.

A colourful dance

Blue and white was the extremely effective colour scheme for the good dance which Mr. & Mrs. Peter Foster gave for their débutante daughter Miss Gay Foster at Claridge's. Gay, who is one of the prettiest of the 1958 débutantes, wore a beautiful white satin dress with touches of blue, white flowers decorated the ballroom and soft blue lights shone from the glass chandeliers. The effect was most attractive.

Among the girls I noticed were Lady Davina Pepys, gay and pretty in green, Miss Penelope Riches in red, Miss Diana Wood, Miss Celia Wenger in white broderie anglaise, Miss Susan Wills, Miss Eliane de Miramon (attractive in black and white dancing with Viscount Chelsea), Lady Carolyn Townshend, Miss Irene Martinez-Salas, Miss Elfrida Eden, Lady Vivienne Nevill, Miss Miranda Smiley, and Miss Tessa Prain. Also: Miss Davina Nutting, Miss Diana Hall, Miss Harriet Nares, Miss Alexandra Versen, Miss Alexandra Bridge-water and Miss Deborah Jowitt. All were dancing gaily and thoroughly enjoying this lovely party, which for many was the last dance of their season. Another pretty young girl also dancing every number was Gay's sister Miss Ann Foster, who looked sweet in white with touches of green.

The large number of young men included the Duke of Atholl, Mr. Julian Sheffield, Mr. Julian Benson, Lord Dundas, Mr. Lionel Stopford-Sackville, Mr. Anthony Poole, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, Viscount Elvedon, Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie the Hampshire cricket captain, Mr. Jeremy Pinckney, the Hon. Simon Maxwell and Mr. Euan Johnston.



This was the dance floor for guests at the Twickenham ball at the Festival Hall

RUGGER

opponents dance at the Festival Hall after the Twickenham tussle

Miss Phyllida Coates (of Girton) with Mr. Gordon Waddell (of Pembroke, the Scottish Rugby international)



Van Hallan

Above, left: Miss Deirdre Hill, Mr. L. T. Lombard (captain of the Oxford side) and Miss Ann Higgins



Left: Mr. Geoffrey Windsor Lewis (captain of the winning Cambridge team) with Miss Phillippa Henderson

Below, left: Miss Margery Erickson with Mr. Stewart Douglas-Mann (he is at St. Edmund Hall and a member of a rowing club). Below: Mr. Ian Taylor (secretary of the Oxford University hockey team) and Miss Panchita Wood (an actress)



HUNT

*... ball of the Eridge
held at the Elizabethan
Barn, Tunbridge Wells*

*... meet of the Chiddingfold
& Leconfield
held at Bookers Lee,
near Cranleigh, Surrey*

Major & Mrs. L. Rook, of Mayfield
(he is a joint-M.F.H. of the Eridge)



Above: Mr. Gerald Williams, Mrs. Maurice Armytage (his daughter), Mr. Paul Goudime and Mrs. Gerald Williams. A picture of the first Queen Elizabeth hangs above



Left: Rodney Russell, an artist (the hunt
at his home), and Mr. R.
ow, the Master of the Hunt



Left: The Marchioness
of Abergavenny (a joint-
Master of the Eridge)
and Lord Rupert Nevill.
He is her brother-in-law



James and Virginia Russell. They are
the children of Mr. Rodney Russell



Above, left: Mrs. Jack
Dennis and Sir Henry
D'Avigdor-Goldsmid,
M.P. for Walsall South

Desmond O'Neill



Mr. Patrick Doyne was
with Miss Anne Tillard

Mrs. Robin Wellesley and
Mr. J. Macfarlane with
Lord John Conynghame



Desmond O'Neill

Miss Rosamund Ash rode in the hunt



Miss Patricia MacFarlan
with Lt.-Col. J. K. MacFarlan
and Major I. L. Cronyn



Left: Col. R. P. Haig with
his wife. The statue is of
the Duke of Wellington



Field Marshal Lord Harding (former
Governor of Cyprus) and his wife



Van Hallen

Above: The Duke of Gloucester (guest
of honour) and General Sir George
Erskine (he is chairman of the club)

Left: Mrs. J. C. H. Clarke was with
Lady Manning, who has a residence
in the Palace at Hampton Court



Above: Capt. St. John Cronyn, R.N.,
and Mrs. Cedric Holland, a lady-in-
waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester



Left: Miss Judith Collings (a débutante
this year) and G/Capt. H. M. A. Day

A PARTY TO CELEBRATE THE

Restoration

of the Naval & Military Club

—better known as the 'In & Out'



THE TATLER & Bystander
24 December 1958 761

The Walrus & The Carpenter (left), were the joint-chairmen of the luncheon in aid of the Central Council for the Care of Cripples. Right: Some of the oysters and Guinness

OYSTERS & GUINNESS FOR

Refreshment

at The Walrus & The Carpenter
luncheon at the Fishmongers' Hall



V Swaabe



Gilbert Davis, Bt., with Col. W. Dove, D.L., J.P., and Lady Davis



Above: Major A. Drummond Moray and Lord Remnant. He lives at Twyford, in Berkshire

Left: The Rt. Hon. George Ward, M.P. for Worcester City, the Secretary of State for Air

Lady Sempill (chairman of the Central Council for the Care of Cripples), with Mr. J. H. W. Shaw (luncheon president) and The Hon. Richard & Mrs. Wood



Left: Mrs. Hindley and Miss Newton-Woof

Below: Lord Cottesloe and Mrs. E. Barran





Ida Kar



Alan Vines

PRIZE *Above:* The American sculptor, Alexander Calder, received the first prize for sculpture at the International Carnegie Exhibition in the United States. Runner-up was Henry Moore. Mr. Calder designs mobiles like the one shown with him. The exhibition at Pittsburgh, previously restricted to paintings, included sculpture for the first time this year

PRODUCTION *Above, left:* Shelagh Delaney, 19-year-old author of *A Taste Of Honey*, is discovering the taste of success. Her play has been bought for a West End production. She has also been awarded an Arts Council bursary of £100 and the Charles Henry Foyle New Play award. Miss Delaney, from Salford,* is now writing a new play



PRODIGY When Idil Biret (*left*) was four years old, a special law was passed by the Turkish Parliament to finance her musical studies abroad. Now 17, she has just given her first concert in Britain at the Wigmore Hall. Miss Biret, who performed Bach's preludes at four, has been studying in Paris for nine years under Mme. Nadja Boulanger



se Colomb

Alan Vines



NEWS

PORTRAITS

PHILANTHROPY Mrs. Françoise Rigby (shown with her youngest child, six-month-old Olivia) is founder and chairman of the Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons. Mrs. Rigby, once a Belgian resistance worker, has just returned from her ninth visit to Germany where she found that the lot of the refugees had improved during the last two years. She is convinced that they could all be resettled in near-normal conditions during the Refugee Year beginning next June, if all international organizations worked together, and she has worked out a plan for this collaboration. If it is adopted the British effort will be concentrated on displaced persons now living in camps in Bavaria. Mrs. Rigby's committee would then have to collect £50,000, enough to give real help to one thousand families

The things I've eaten for England!

by E. ARNOT ROBERTSON



JUST AS there are people who are road-accident-prone through no apparent fault of their own (as every insurance company knows), so there are people, not consciously looking for trouble, who are peculiar-social-dilemma-prone—and I am one. My particular form of proneness comes on only when I go abroad. Out of this country I am frequently presented with something almost inedible, in circumstances that make getting it down (and keeping it down) a matter of national honour.

Sheep's eyeballs in Morocco. . . . England, I hope you are grateful! I had been practically forced into being guest of honour at an Arab feast. As a rule, this ordeal by courtesy does not come a woman's way, but I happened to be the only English person passing through a village at a time when the local big man wanted to make an international gesture, for complicated political reasons. There was no getting out of the invitation, and the fact that I was a woman made it more important that I should behave myself properly.

I was coached beforehand by one of my host's servants, thoughtfully sent round to me for the purpose. In an old-fashioned Moroccan household (and this was a pretty remote village) no allowances are made for the guest's belonging to another country. It would have been thought discourteous of me, I learnt, to have come to the feast without finding out first what local good manners required of me—whether or not I had any choice about accepting what was really a summons.

I can still remember the rules: Drink only with the left hand and eat only with the fingers of the right, while keeping both in view at all times. Never take from the communal dish any but the nearest object, whatever that might be (to select would be to suggest that any one part of my host's delicious provision for me might be more delicious than any other part—which would be rude). And should the host offer anything with his own hand, it must be accepted. To refuse on any excuse would be insulting.

What no one warned me (and this was just as well: at least I was saved the anticipation) was that the communal dish—which would come round again and again, cooked each time in infinitesimally different ways, whose nuances escaped me—was a sheep's head surrounded by three scrawny chickens. (These were the tiny fowls, laying minute eggs, which are to be seen tethered by the leg outside so many Arab doorways, to keep the wretched things from being purloined by the neighbours just before they are wanted for a feast like this one.) The first time I met the dish, my host sucked the grease off his fingers politely, clawed an eyeball out of the sheep's

head, and presented it to me, with strings adhering.

For the first time I was thankful for having been a migraine sufferer all my life. People with migraine learn young, because they have to, to be able to throw an aspirin—dry, if necessary—to the back of the throat and swallow it. "Just another aspirin. A bit larger than most," I told myself, and got it down.

The progressive ache in my thighs—I was unused to sitting cross-legged on the floor—disappeared before my apprehension at seeing the women of the house, who did not eat with us, carrying in another sheep's head with chickens. Altogether I downed three eyeballs (they are the supreme delicacy, which was why I got them) in two and a half hours of solid eating. And I kept them down, too, till I could get away into decent solitude. My country, even for your credit, I could not have managed a fourth.

My envy of the other guests became passionate as the meal wore on. At a formal Arab gathering all the weight of decorum rests on the guest of honour: anyone else can do as he pleases. If he feels unsociable he may, without offending anyone, pull out a book and read, as well as refusing any food that fails to entice him. I have been to many dinners in England where I should have loved that freedom.

In Greece, at a particularly ticklish phase of international relations, I was taken out to lunch in Patras by Someone who Mattered. I was tipped off anxiously about his Mattering by one of our diplomats on the spot.

"Here," I was told as we entered the restaurant, "they serve the best omelettes in Greece." I was not reassured. With the possible exception of parts of the English Midlands, Greece has the worst cooking in Europe, I think. (How many gobbets of tough old goat, floating in tepid olive oil, I have unwillingly devoured!)

But we ordered an elaborate omelette each. After the fourth mouthful I found something hard between my teeth. I extracted it and looking at it surreptitiously, concluded with distress that a stopping had come loose from one of my back teeth. The object was undoubtedly a tooth-stopping. Greece is not a country I should choose for having running repairs done to the teeth: there is too great a passion for prominent gold work. I felt round with my tongue to discover the hole, hoping it could be left till I returned home. But all my stoppings proved to be intact. It was useless to tell myself that if my host were Someone who Mattered, I was not: abroad one is—like it or not—a representative of one's country. I finished the omelette. Or almost.

To be fair, it was also Greece that once rewarded me, as England never has, for drinking something

*Sheep's eyes in
Morocco...mule
tail in Finland
...flyblown figs
in Greece....The
eating season
stirs memories*

unwanted in the way of duty. I was given the gift of tongues and, though brief, it was a wonderful experience. Coming down from the Macedonian hills, in an army truck belonging to the British Military Mission—it was the time of the Greek civil war—I persuaded the driver to give a lift to an indescribably dilapidated-looking old man, plodding along in the dust. We put him in the back, because on closer contact he turned out to be so filthy that it was pleasanter to have the slight breeze the truck was raising blowing from us to him. He insisted, mainly by sign-language, because my Greek is very poor, that when we reached his place the driver and I must come in and take fruit and wine with him in return for the ride.

In vain we tried to argue that we had far to go, all the way to Salonika: it is difficult to hold off vehemently proffered hospitality with only 12 words or so of common tongue between the parties. The old man grew indignant: we gathered that all would be over between Greece and England, once more, if we would not accept his offer.

Shortly afterwards we got to a hole in a ruined wall, and he indicated that we had arrived. We stopped. He yelled a torrent of Greek, which brought out an answering torrent of children and, hands linked, they went on guard round the truck to protect our mobile property—an even more necessary precaution in Greece than in any Arab country I know.

Helplessly, we followed him inside, to find, behind the crumbling wall, what was, for those parts, a prosperous farmhouse built round three sides of a midden, from which steam was gently rising out of piles of rich manure. Our old chap was evidently a man of substance. At the time, with the left-wing guerrillas and the Government troops raiding and counter-raiding by turns, it was safer for man and welling to look poor from the outside.

Stools were placed for us beside the midden. The old man produced some ripe figs, black with flies here they had split, and a bottle stoppered with a plug which looked as if it had come off a sore toe. He poured three large toasts into grimy, cracked cups. "To England and Greece!" he said.

I took a small, reluctant sip and immediately stopped believing in germ theories. This was the nectar of the old gods. I heard myself paying national compliments in fluent Greek, making jokes in Greek, and, what is more, the driver—who knew no more Greek than I did—remembered hearing them the next day. Not half bad, they were, he said. At the time, he himself was telling the old man all about

Dulwich, where he lived. Fine place, Dulwich, he said. He insisted the old man and all his family must come and visit him some time in Dulwich. I heard him ask them, in Greek. Both of us ought to have been stricken, inside six hours, with the virulent Greek variation of "Gyppy Tummy" from those fly-infected figs. But neither suffered in any way afterwards from this orgy. Only we lost our Greek, as we drove on.

Languages are less important, to the conscientious traveller, than a cast-iron digestion. Or so it seems to me. I remember gladly an episode in Finland when I was in a train, late one evening, with two jolly, elderly men who tried to talk to me. Realizing that I did not understand Finnish, one of them made a supreme effort at communication. Pointing out of the window at the brilliant sky, "Moon," he said. "All same England Finland. Love. Good." This shows language to be almost superfluous.

After that, unfortunately, they both unwrapped what I thought at first glance were plugs of strong tobacco. But they turned out to be some sort of frightening sausage, even stronger. One cut off an all-too-generous portion and gave it to me, beaming, waiting for me to try it.

"What is it?" I conveyed—temporizing. They had a conference on how to explain. Then one neighed like a horse, but shook his head, to show it was not exactly horse, and the other brayed like a donkey, shaking his head, too, to show it was not exactly that, either. Then they clutched one another and went through a merry pantomime. I got it; offspring of horse and donkey—mule. They seemed delighted by our understanding so far. One got down on all fours, put his hand behind his back, and waggled the stump of sausage. Salami, made of mule's tail. (And made quite some time ago, I fancied, by its gnarled look.)

We were all smiles. They were chewing away. I had a feeble inspiration, but it worked.

"My baby, in England," I said, making rocking motions in my arms to get across the idea of *baby* (my only child was at the time 14), "simply loves this." (One of them obviously knew the word *love*, from our previous conversation.) "I fly to England tomorrow." (They knew the word *England*, too. For *flying*, I became an aeroplane, buzzing realistically with my arms out.) "I keep this for baby!"

And beaming back, I put the horror in my handbag. We all nodded happily. This is the only occasion on which I have got out of eating something awful abroad, with England's reputation and my own unsullied.

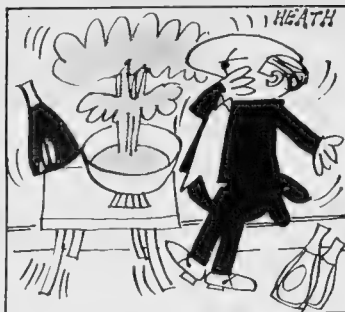


Clayton Evans

E. ARNOT ROBERTSON has lately published a novel, *Justice Of The Heart*. She is married to Sir Henry Turner, who shares her enthusiasm for travel

BRIGGS by Graham





Nothing like an eggnog for a smooth evening

by HILARY POPE

THE EGGNOG IS A SUMPTUOUS TRANSATLANTIC tradition, a creation of velvet and foam, that makes a perfect pivot for a party. It plays up to the cornucopia and mudpie instincts of those who get it ready, for there's a sense of seigneurial abundance in whisking the dozens of eggs, dolloping in cream by the pint and liquor by the quart. The result is both difficult to botch and beautiful to see.

Extravagant? Well, it's holiday time. In the end, a good nog is probably no dearer than the selection of bottles you've got to buy for mixed drinks. It's so rich that there's no need for accompanying squiggly messes on moist biscuit, or those hot *bouchées* that gag and burn you if you put them whole into your mouth, or shower the carpet with crumbs and grease your fingers if you dare to bite them.

Best of all, the nog really can be made hours ahead of the party. Not that anyone, however glossy-magazine-minded they are, ever does organize all their preparations so that they *do* spend that last hour with their feet up and a fragrant compress on eyes and brow. But if one can get the food and drink definitely done, less high drama will be involved when dealing with the inevitable child who won't go to bed, rich relative who can't be got off the telephone, default of domestic or problem in plumbing.

When considering your nog, find the largest bowl you have and then get some sort of receptacle that is much, much bigger. A baby's bath would probably be ideal, but it does lack elegance. A huge china basin, of the "and ewer" type is good, or you can be practical with several of your largest mixing bowls. The Victorian salad bowls, of cut glass with silver rims, are good for framing the froth. Serve the nog by ladling it into chunky tumblers, goblets, or, best of

all, the sort of glasses that either have clipped-on handles, or silver or metal frames with handles. Supply spoons so that people can scoop out the foam, but to eat they'll only want plain sponge fingers, gingerbread, or those rolled ice-cream wafers called *dentelles*. If you expect your guests to hang about, happily bemused, after the nog is only a wisp of foam in the bowl, it would be kind to serve coffee.

Here are two recipes for party eggnogs. It is difficult to say exactly how many they will serve, because this depends on the greed and capacity of the guests, but 18-24 people is a possible figure. The proportions make the quantities easily halved or quartered if you want a smaller party. Nogs of this kind should be served as cold as possible, so chill the nog bowl and the glasses if you can. Have plenty of ground nutmeg in a salt cellar at the side of the nog bowl and sprinkle the top of each frothy helping with nutmeg.

EGGNOG BALTIMORE: In a large bowl, beat the yolks of 12 eggs. When they are light and frothy, pour in a bottle of brandy, half a bottle of rum and half a bottle of peach or apricot brandy, or Madeira. Stir this liquor in carefully, as it must not curdle the eggs. Then stir in 1 lb. of caster sugar. At this point, see whether your refrigerator will take the bowl or bowls in which the nog is eventually to be served. (If you have a cool cellar, of course, you needn't bother.) If your frig. is only small, stop making the nog. Let it get as cold as possible, and finish it about half an hour before you want to serve it.

It's the one time to let your hair down with games

by HUBERT PHILLIPS

I HAVE BEEN ORGANIZING GAMES PARTIES for something like half a century and I have never yet given a party for which I did not invent at least one new game. Despite such counter-attractions as radio and the "telly," games parties are, in my judgment, as popular as ever. But a party that hasn't been planned beforehand will flop. Here are three possible programmes:*

FOR A PARTY OF "MEZZOBROWS"

I coined this word to designate the many

* The games in this article, and many more, are fully described in Hubert Phillips's book *Party Games* (H. F. & G. Witherby).

party page

Then, or earlier if you have ample cold space, add three pints of cold milk and one pint of lightly whipped cream. Beat the 12 egg whites until they are stiff and fluffy and fold them into the nog. Don't beat them in at all, just add a scoopful of white at a time and turn it into the egg mixture, using a delicate wrist movement to mix it lightly.

The next recipe makes a nog of a different kind, and one that is easy to make in a hurry, because the liquor is not added directly to the eggs, which means there is less danger of curdling them.

FRANKLIN FARMS NOG: Beat the yolks of 12 eggs until they are light and frothy. Then gradually and gently stir in three pints of thick cream, unwhipped. Stir in 1 lb. of

continued on page 787

people of the highest intelligence who enjoy such things as crosswords, chess problems, inferential puzzles and parlour games. They differ from "highbrows" in that no self-respecting highbrow solves puzzles or plays parlour games at all.

1. Impersonations; 2. Misquotations; 3. Hyde Park; 4. Lives of the Great; 5. Auction; 6. Play Titles; 7. Coffee-pots; 8. Alibi.

FOR A MIXED BAG OF YOUNG PEOPLE AND GROWN-UPS.

1. Sardines; 2. Printers' errors; 3. Musical quiz; 4. Book titles; 5. Kittiwake; 6. Who's who?; 7. Ghosts; 8. Charades.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, AGED, SAY, 12 TO 13.
1. Pairing Cards; 2. China dogs; 3. Dumb crambo; 4. Persons & things; 5. What's wrong?; 6. Pictorial proverbs; 7. Murder; 8. Question & Answer.

Now for the party. You can get things moving with progressive games.

Place a number of card tables round a room, each with a simple, amusing game arranged on it. The guests are then divided into couples, and each couple plays the game



'Surely there's more to the hoop business than this?'

How to serve cold turkey without getting the bird

by HELEN BURKE

IF YOU'RE HAVING A FEW PEOPLE IN ON Boxing Day, the turkey (provided it was a good-sized bird) should have enough left on it to make a good basis for refreshments. A good carver will have carved only one side of it. Because of its protective skin, the uncarved side will preserve its moisture. On the second day, it will cut into wafer-thin moist slices.

Place them on a large platter. Surround them with hearts of curly endive, quartered tomatoes, sliced beetroot and quartered hard-boiled eggs and you have a colourful

"picture," as appetizing as the whole turkey was.

With this platter, pass separately a sauce-boat of French dressing. One should start this with mustard, English or French, from a pot, pepper and salt and, if liked, a cut clove of garlic. Work these together. Slowly stir in olive oil and add gradually, drop by drop, tarragon or wine vinegar, so that the mixture "comes together" and does not separate. If wine vinegar seems too acid, use malt vinegar. Or you may prefer lemon juice? In any case, 4 tablespoons of oil to 1 of vinegar or lemon juice will provide a thicker and, to me, better dressing. Remove the garlic before serving. It will have already contributed enough of its flavour.

A wonderful salad is made with small pieces—the last bits—of cooked turkey, chicken or pheasant. Coat them with a little French dressing. Mix them in a large bowl with 3 to 4 times the amount of dry boiled Patna rice, one or two sliced pears, dressed with a little lemon juice to preserve their colour, some celeriac cut in strips less than $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, a little freshly chopped parsley and, if it is tolerated, a

continued on page 787

at their table in a given time-limit (say two or three minutes). At a signal from the referee, they all move on to the next table, and so on until each couple has played every game. Points are awarded to some rearranged scale. The following are a few possible games:

- Corks floating in water, to be picked out with a darning needle;
- Jam-jar containing butter beans to be lifted out with two knitting needles;
- Making as many words as possible from a single word, e.g. Constantinople;
- Threading beads on to a piece of cotton with a needle;
- Picking up one grain of rice at a time with a gardening glove and putting it (the grain) into a narrow-necked bottle.

Here is how to play some of the games I have mentioned—there is not room to describe the well-known ones like charades.

ALIBI: Two members of a team are chosen to produce an "alibi" for a specified hour, e.g. 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. the day before. They are charged with an (unspecified) crime and have to alibi each other. They are given ten minutes alone to concoct their story; and are then cross-examined by two members of the other team acting as "prosecution." If their answers are discrepant in any important respect, the "alibi" has been broken.

The more detailed and colourful the stories produced, the more fun it becomes, and the more scope for ingenuity on the part of the "prosecution."

PRINTERS' ERRORS: You need a number of copies of the same newspaper or magazine, one copy to each person, or couple if they play in pairs. Take the same passage of about ten lines from each paper and cut up into separate lines, rearranging the lines so as to form a kind of anagram. Each person, or couple, then has to reconstruct the passage correctly, and whoever succeeds in doing this first wins.

TITLES: These can be book titles, play titles or proverbs. Each person should be

given a pencil and paper and asked to draw his or her interpretation of the title of a book, play or proverb. For instance a picture of a black horse might be "Black Beauty," or a drawing of a small village would be "Hamlet," or someone darning a sock would be "A stitch in time saves nine." Each drawing is then passed round and everyone writes down their answer. The person with the most correct answers wins.

WHO'S WHO: This game is best played between teams of two, three or four persons, and each member of the team can take part in both putting questions and answering them. One team goes out of the room and thinks of a famous person. They then return and are questioned as follows (assuming that two teams—A and B—are playing):

A: Ladies and gentlemen, our initial is C.

B: Are you a great commoner?

A: No, we are not Chatham.

B: Did you, after some hesitation, decide to cross a certain river?

A: No, we are not Caesar.

and so on. . . .

COFFEEPOTS: This was once my favourite indoor game. One player thinks of a word—or, rather, of a word-sound—which has a number of different meanings. The others, in turn, ask him questions; in his reply to each of them he must introduce his word-sound, substituting however the word *Coffeepot*: Suppose his "coffeepot" is *Fair* (*Fare*):

Q: "Can you play Contract Bridge?"

A: "Yes, I play a coffeepot game."

Q: "What sort of girls do you like?"

A: "Plump girls with coffeepot complexions."

Q: "Are you going to Switzerland this winter?"

A: "No; the coffeepot's too much for me."

Any player who has just put a question can have a shot at guessing the word, scoring a point for his team. Bad guesses are penalized.



THE AUTHOR
is the wife of
Lord Claud
Hamilton and
sister-in-law of
the Duke of
Abercorn



The cedars of the Bible still grow in the Lebanon



A grove of olives, which remain a staple product



Left: Arab houses in old Tripoli

Right: Modern Beirut, the capital

Next door Holy

LADY CLAUD HAMILTON describes

biblical Lebanon, in the

for its political upheaval

growing tourist interest as

ONLY 129 MILES LONG BY 34 MILES WIDE, the Lebanon packs into its small area some of the world's most lovely scenery and towns. Beirut, the capital, lies curved round the bay of St. Georges between high, snow-streaked mountains and dark blue water. Here there are modern, expensive hotels set beside the sea, and swimming clubs where you can not only bathe but sail or skim over the water on skis, in tight and dizzy circles. Farther into the town and away from the sea there are other, less expensive hotels, clean, well-run and with excellent food.

The history of Beirut reaches back into the mists of antiquity, but almost nothing of the old town survives. The Roman city bore the names of Agrippa's daughter, Colonia Julia Augusta Berytus; this was finally shortened to Bertye, whence the present name derives. Crusaders and Saracens fought for this valuable port, taking and losing it with monotonous regularity. There were many bloody battles and massacres, but in the end the Moslems mastered the town and the coast, while peaceful Frankish descendants of the fierce and dedicated Crusaders returned as merchants.

There is a small covered market called *les Orfevres*, where local jewellery is sold; and there is another market entirely devoted to the sale of shoes. One wonders how these merchants live, for the thousands of pieces of jewellery and pairs of shoes displayed rarely seem to change hands. The biggest square, known as the *Place des Cannons*, and also that of the Martyrs, is the central point of the town, and the scene of many of its political dramas. Here were hanged those Lebanese leaders who resisted the Egyptian invaders of the 19th century; here runs the mob during riots, here the crowd threw the first bombs into buses and cafés, killing many innocent people during last summer's revolt.

Most of the treasures of antiquity found in the

to the Land

es the beauties of
news this year
and also of
the Middle East's riviera



Primitive ploughing of the rocky soil

Lebanon have been gathered into the museum, and there is little of interest to be seen in the streets of Beirut. But the city is the best and most central place from which to visit the rest of the country. The roads are excellent, and as they curve round the mountain sides and climb over the passes at 5,000 or 6,000 feet, you see views of a memorable beauty and splendour.

It takes an hour to reach the ruins of Baalbek. Here in the oldest times, stood a small village and temple, and when, after Alexander's death, his general Seleucus Nicator settled in Lebanon, some of his soldiers came to live in this fertile valley, calling the town Heliopolis, for the Sun-god whom they worshipped. During the reign of Antoninus Pius, A.D. 138 to A.D. 151, magnificent temples were begun; the work continuing for at least 50 years.

Massive pillars soared skywards ending in capitals delicately carved—one might almost say embroidered—with ram's heads, garlands of flowers, and beaded necklaces worked into the stone with a care and fineness nowhere surpassed. Before the Temple of Jupiter lay two lily ponds; broad flights of steps, rows of statues of gods and kings, and tall columns decorated the entrance; nearby stood a smaller, but equally beautiful temple dedicated to Venus. Mercury, a later arrival, also had his shrine within the gardens. But with the advent of Christianity,

evil times came to this lovely little city, and Christian emperors overthrew and destroyed the pagan temples, building small churches on their sites. After the Arab conquest the place was turned into a fortress; huge square stones, with arrow slits between, crowned the tops of the walls; here the defenders were practically invulnerable.

As time went on and the need for a fortified castle passed, the ruins stood deserted and forlorn for centuries. Earthquakes completed the devastation. But recently the government has wisely started to rebuild Baalbek; vast pillars slowly rise from the ground crowned once more by their ornate capitals, the delicately carved ceilings are being replaced and, in time, the temples may stand once more in all their dazzling former glory.

Bedouin Arabs live in the valley of Baalbek; their low black tents stand here and there, surrounded by camels, ponies and flocks of strong white sheep, whose coarse wool is the only material from which true Persian and Arab carpets can be made. They are herded by handsome children with pale faces and enormous liquid eyes, and by women in flowing white skirts, bright blouses and white veils framing their bare faces, wearing on their heads twisted ropes of dark material, set at jaunty angles.

They are a wild, handsome and traditional

people, with a proud bearing and an independent air. They have a deep affection for the descendants of their former feudal lords. When trouble threatens they come into Beirut and stay in their houses to defend them if necessary.

South of the capital lies Saida, once Sidon, of the royal purple dye. This, again, is a disappointment for those who expect remains of older and grander days, though the ruins of a Crusader castle still stand on the wave-washed rocks protectively shielding the town from sea attacks. The ancient city has completely disappeared, but in the mountains above there is a spot which is a place of pilgrimage for visiting English people. This is the remains of the villa of Lady Hester Stanhope. The road twists round the usual precipices up to the little village of Djoun, whence half an hour's walk along a rough, steep track (no place for thin soles or high heels) brings you to the ruined house on this lonely mountain top.

Lady Hester, daughter of Lord Stanhope and niece of William Pitt the younger, was brought up in a world of grandeur and politics; for several years she acted as her uncle's hostess and secretary, acquiring great political influence. After his death and that of her great love, Sir John Moore (he died at Corunna with her name on his lips), she became restless and unhappy. A handsome, headstrong woman, she could not endure opposition, nor could she adapt herself to an England of changing ways. She took to travel—one of that curious band of eccentric and fearless English women travellers who have startled and sometimes shocked the world for centuries.

She came to the Lebanon, then part of the Turkish Empire, fell in love with the beautiful country and the wild people, made friends with a Bedouin tribe, and under their protection reached Palmyra, in those days considered to be a place of great danger. She led an expedition of tribesmen into the mountains to punish those responsible for the disappearance of a

continued overleaf





THE LEBANON

continued from overleaf

French officer named Colonel Boutin, and during Egypt's attack on Acre she opened her house to refugees from that town, defying the Egyptians with all the aplomb with which she later defied certain emirs who had become her enemies.

As long as she could, Lady Hester kept up a certain state. One can picture her, dressed in the colourful clothes of an Arab sheik of that period and surrounded by her entourage, riding ahead of the cavalcade of mules that wound its way up the mountain-side, and finally clattered into the courtyard of her little villa.

She spent money lavishly, and at the end of her life was nearly penniless. Looked after by her English maid, whom she bullied and cherished for twenty years, and by two devoted Arab servants, she died there on her lonely mountain-top in 1839, and was buried among the olive trees, overlooking the sea.

No one has cared for her house. It gradually crumbled away and what was left was badly damaged in the recent earthquake. The great-grandson of one of her servants still lives in Djoun.

North of Beirut, up the coast, stands the ancient city of Byblos, claimed to be the

A BEIRUT BEACH—this one is at St. George's Hotel. The Mediterranean seaboard has fine expanses of sand

oldest inhabited city in the world. Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Crusaders, all made their homes here, building their romantic houses, temples and strong places close to the sea. The Crusaders' castle rises from a hill-top, commanding the bay, the land and sea approaches. From the top of its tower you look down on ruins and foundations left by older races, and through the elegant columns of a Greek temple, flanked by pink oleander trees, to the deep blue waters.

Here there is tranquillity and silence. The predominantly Maronite Christian community have gentle ways and soft voices. They and the Jews and the Arabs live at peace with each other, ignoring political propagandists and upheavals.

Beyond Byblos the road leads north to Tripoli, with its strong fortifications; dark, covered bazaars wind through many subterranean miles of city, and there are new boulevards and small skyscrapers lacking, as one guide book says, in any form of character.

To the north-east, among the mountains, stand the famous cedar trees, among the finest in the world. A few of them are said to be more than 1,000 years old, and it was from this spot that Solomon brought the timber for his temple. In winter the trees' branches are weighed down with snow. The Maronite Christians have a great veneration for them, and call them the Cedars of the Lord. They are under the special protection of the Maronite Patriarch; every year a small festival is held in their honour, near the chapel built in the forest in 1854, when the Patriarch forbade any further cutting or mutilation of these almost holy trees.

Above the cedars towers the mighty mountain of Qor net-es-Saouda, whose summit rises 10,115 feet above the sea. It is possible to make the ascent on foot (a journey of about four hours), but it is much easier and pleasanter to enlist the services of a strong and willing mule—a guide, also, is necessary.

This small country is one whose beauty is not easily forgotten, with its verdant valleys twisting between jagged mountain ranges, and its long coastline fronting the eternally soft blue sea.

TIPS FOR TRAVELLERS: B.O.A.C. operate seven flights a week London to Beirut by Britannia stopping at Zurich, Frankfurt or Rome. Through-fare tourist return: £135; first class: £199 16s. Double flights Thursday and Saturday

STOKES JOKES



THEATRE

Dreams and drama in

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

MR. ERROL JOHN, a West Indian author, writes well enough to win, deservedly, the first prize in last year's *Observer* competition, but not yet well enough to be able to devote the whole of a first act to rhythmic word pictures of life in a Trinidad slum. This, anyway, is the novelist's approach. Playwrights know that stage characters have to begin their story before they can hope to create a genuine atmosphere for it. At the end of the first act of *Moon On A Rainbow Shovel*, at the Royal Court Theatre, it is natural to think that the competition judges have been badly taken in by a piece of bogus exoticism. Yet once the play has really begun and the purely pictorial figures have become persons, using their naturally flamboyant speech to make dramatic touch with each other, we are agreeably surprised to find ourselves held by a simple story told without much guile, but with complete sincerity.

It is only then that these coloured people of all shades of respectability and disreputability herded together in the squalid backyard are in any position to convey the nature of the conditions which have made them what they are. Even then the author fails, I think, to bring home to us that they are not only poor but grossly underprivileged. For all the snatches of calypso, the hymn tunes, street cries and other exotic sound effects, the characters appeal to us less as Caribbeans beset by particular problems of their own than as poverty-stricken human beings dreaming of a big, free life. The nearest Mr. John comes to the particular is in the character of Charlie. He has become



The waster (John Bouie) and his wife (Vinette Carroll), whose life is one long struggle against bitterness. With them is their young daughter (Jacqueline Chan)

backstreet Trinidad

an affable waster, the despair of his tough, warm-hearted wife who holds the home together, but once Charlie might have been a great international cricketer if he had not felt impelled to shout off his mouth about the colour bar. It was a time when English county clubs were strangling each other for fast bowlers of his class, and he had been as fast as Constantine, but that indiscreet newspaper interview broke him for good and all. He has taken to drink and the desultory business of splicing cricket bats.

Charlie is a dreadful warning to the ambitious young trolley driver, sharpening his passionate desire to escape from the slum to the point of desperation. "I got a life to live, a whole big future in front of me"—in the paradise of industrial England. Come what may, he will not let himself be driven to the wall, turned into another Charlie living on boozy dreams of what night have been. A pretty girl is going to have a baby by him, but he is looking hard for a chance to work his passage to England.

Premature domesticity he regards as a

terrifying trap. He makes it brutally clear to the girl that he is not going to be caught. Life has made him ruthless. As a starving boy he had been taken in by his grandmother. The time came when she stood in his way. He had sent her to the poorhouse and broken the old lady's heart.

The really distinguished thing about the play is its power to compel a proper measure of sympathy with Ephraim. The diffident charm of his manner is not a mere mask for ruthlessness: his ruthlessness springs from terror. He is always quite ready to do others a neighbourly kindness, and Rosa, though she calls him "a damn worthless nigger" in the momentary bitterness of her disillusion, is genuinely devoted to him. And Mr. John makes us feel that if only he could get over his desperate terror of being driven to the

wall a lot of good in him might come to the surface.

But everything conspires to deepen his terror. Charlie gets himself gaoled for a pathetically foolish theft, to the moving distress of his sharp tongued, tenderly protective wife, and Ephraim's instinct of self-preservation has its way with him. He abandons his pregnant mistress to an elderly protector and an all too likely future of degradation, and yet—it is a tribute to Mr. John's fairness of characterization—we cannot altogether blame him. Mr. Earle Hyman encompasses the whole man as the author has conceived him. He is tender without mawkishness and harsh without strain. Miss Vinette Carroll is first-rate as the warm-hearted virago and Mr. John Bouie is good as the shamefaced husband.



THE IDYLL THAT WENT WRONG. Rosa (Soraya Rafat) and the lover who means to sacrifice her to his ambition (Earle Hyman) listen to Old Mack (Lionel Ngakane), whose property she finally becomes

STAGE PARTY AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

given by Robert Morley and his partners for the casts of their four London shows

Left: Miss Dilys Laye (she is in *The Tunnel of Love*) and Mr. Johnny Charlesworth danced on the stage

Below: Miss Miriam Karlin who plays a leading rôle in *For Adults Only*



Mr. Brian Reece (he stars in *The Tunnel of Love*) and Mr. Ian Carmichael



Miss Gladys Cooper (she is in *The Bright One*)

Desmond O'Neill

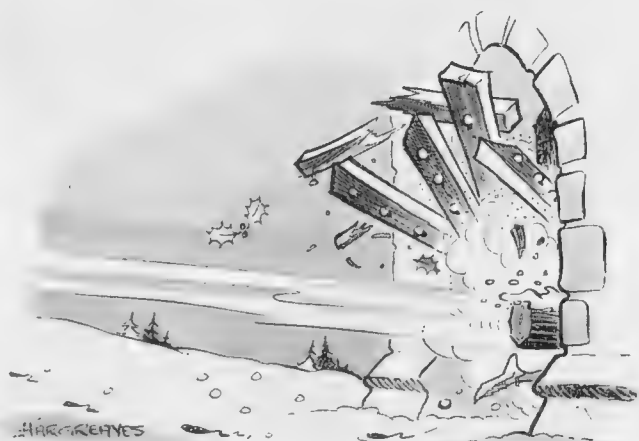


RECORDS

In the electronic groove

by GERALD LASCELLES

Smile spot



MODERN JAZZ seems inextricably involved with the electronics of the vibraphone and guitar. I dislike both instruments equally, especially when used in a solo melody rôle. They both have that fierce sound built up of strong amplified overtones, which out-balances any other frontline instrument in a small group such as that used by the leaders in the modern approach, the Modern Jazz Quartet. Since they launched their full-scale assault on the aesthetic course which jazz has taken, there has been little of their work that could be genuinely faulted, even by such diehard critics as me. I accept the M.J.Q. with the same diffidence as I accept the present generation of so-called blues singers, who are but an effete imitation of the great artists who came before them.

What is modern jazz but a dressing-up of the ancient rhythmic concepts on a superimposed foreground of classical harmonies of the most advanced kind? Bravery will begin in the new jazz concept when someone succeeds in imparting warm-hearted jazz without the statement of the accepted basic beat. So far this has been the perquisite of the cool school, whose beatless nonsense has been dispensed for too long with undisputed acceptance even by the critics. Between the wars there was an upsurge of popularity for the "novelty" quintet and other small groups; today those same groups can masquerade as jazzmen, the only difference being that now they start where jazz left off.

A typical example is the Master-sounds, a four-piece group consisting of vibraphone, electric guitar, piano, and drums. Their dressage of *The King And I* on Vogue makes me shudder, especially at the almost embarrassed way in which they feel obliged to state the basic theme of every hackneyed tune from this essentially whistleable selection. The vibrant contrast of the treatment given by the Modern Jazz Quartet to some trite ballad material is an object lesson in "making" jazz in the modern manner. I use the word "making" with some purpose, because I see the modern approach only in the sense of its "making" use of other people's music, other people's chords, and other people's tunes in the transition of Negro jazz to other realms where they do not, in truth, belong. I cannot give enough praise to the individual performances by this almost medieval group. Its purist approach is as remarkable as it is original in this uninspired field. The piano playing of John Lewis passes the point of inspiration, not entirely in its performance where one has come to look for the great jazz soloists' work, but in its immaculate and unhampered concept, achieving a curious blend of economy and effusion in the same movement. Above all, Mr. Lewis is an economical pianist, unlike so many of today's jazzmen.

Recently I had occasion to talk to a classical audience on the subject of jazz. One of the records I played to them to illustrate my remarks was a piece by the M.J.Q. To my astonishment this selection brought forth spontaneous applause—which I had not anticipated! This group relies on an internal balance not easily achieved—in fact it breaks down on at least one occasion in this record, but the overall effect is one of such merit that one cannot deery its results. On the positive side, they enjoy playing to an audience, and I am surprised that no one has recorded them "live" at a concert. Their ability to swing is both startling and gratifying in its product.

In the same category I judge the efforts of Sonny Rollins' tenor saxophone, his quartet and quintet, backed by a fine rhythm section in Esquire's *Tenor Madness*. Equally the fast-moving J. J. Johnson Quintet make pleasant jazz in their unethical way. His is real talking jazz, and he can shut up his accompanists when he pleases. My other selections will mainly appeal to the modernists, whose thirst for musical learning is apparently not assuaged by Armstrong and Ellington, the most *avant-garde* musicians of their respective eras.

I would take this opportunity to wish all my readers in the words of Louis Armstrong—"A Cool Yule!"

SELECTED RECORDS

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET	12-in. L.P.	London LTZ-K15136 £1 17s. 6½d.
SONNY ROLLINS	Tenor Madness 12-in. L.P.	Esquire 32-058. £1 19s. 7½d.
J. J. JOHNSON	Dial J.J.5. 12-in. L.P.	Fontana TFL5021 £1 17s. 6½d.
GETZ AND MULLIGAN	12-in. L.P.	Columbia 33CX10120 £2 1s. 8½d.
HERBIE MANN	Salute To The Flute 12-in. L.P.	Fontana TFL5013 £1 17s. 6½d.
KENNY DORHAM	Jazz Contrasts 12-in. L.P.	London LTZ-U15133 £1 17s. 6½d.

CINEMA

Mr. Wisdom's clowning comes of age

by ELSPETH GRANT



AL RÔLE is played by Charles Chaplin in his new *The Great Dictator*, reissued this week

ACCORDING TO one of those fascinating snippets of information put about by the publicity chaps, four clangorous alarm clocks regularly and ruthlessly rouse Mr. John Paddy Carstairs from his slumbers at the unchristian hour of 5.30 a.m. How ghastly for him, I think, to be called upon so early to face a long day empty of everything but the bleak prospect of having to direct yet another film starring Mr. Norman Wisdom. Then I remember that Mr. Carstairs is enormously versatile, enjoys writing and painting and, when the Herculean task of making Mr. Wisdom seem funny allows, doubtless snatches the odd moment in which to dash off a novel or perpetrate a mural—so that his life is after all not the hell you might think. Neither, for that matter, is his latest film *The Square Peg*.

Mr. Wisdom has at last been persuaded to discard the hideously outgrown garb of adolescence and the coquetry with which he wore it—and a better than usual script enables him to be (more or less) his age and to give two quite reasonable performances—one as a borough engineer's assistant who is hauled into the Pioneer Corps during the last war, and another as a nasty little Nazi General whom he runs into somewhere in France. Both characters are more credible and more acceptable to me than the juvenile jackanapes Mr. Wisdom seemed for so long determined to be.

I have to confess that Mr. Wisdom still finds many of his gags and gimmicks far more risible than I do—but, anyway, this time he has sterling comedy support, from Mr. Edward Chapman as a borough engineer with an inflated idea of his own importance, and Miss Hattie Jacques as a gloriously pneumatic prima donna. I was glad to see Mr. Brian Worth back on the screen after his long illness: amidst all the clowning, this good-looking and talented young actor gives a persuasive straight performance as a member of the French Resistance.

Mr. Otto Kruger has been so long in movies that he really should know better than to lend himself to such a horrid piece of hocus-pocus as *The Colossus Of New York*, but lend himself he does—and with a pussycat-at-the-cream expression on his well-chiselled lips. He plays a brain surgeon whose son, a Peace Prize-winning scientist, is killed in an accident. Feeling that his boy's humanitarian brain must not be lost to the world, he abstracts it and rehouses it in a metallic monster, electronically controlled.

Because the monster has no heart (only a small set of switchgear) it begins to play up in an anything but humanitarian way, develops death-ray eyes and blasts a whole gaggle of well-meaning U.N.O. delegates out of existence before a little boy pulls the right lever and sends the thing crashing off a balcony with a fine clatter of old

ironmongery. While purporting to point a moral, the film merely hopes to make your flesh creep: mine didn't—I am just bored with larger than life monsters clumping about the screen. Hollywood will have to think up something a little more original. Why not a film about "Sadie O'Grady, The Two-headed Lady" who (if I remember the lyric correctly) "ain't got no body, no body at all"? I put the suggestion forward for what it is worth.

M. Marc Allégret's *Blonde For Danger* (an odd translation of "Sois Belle Et Tais-toi") opens like many another French cops-and-robbers piece with a jewel robbery and a brisk exchange of bang-bang-bangs. It differs from them in that it concentrates less on big-time professional criminals and concerns itself more with a group of teen-aged amateur "gangsters" who find excitement and a small profit in smuggling cameras.

Mlle. Mylene Demongeot, an 18-year-old orphan who has done nothing more delinquent than escape from the approved schools to which she has been automatically committed, falls in with this bunch of young sillies and is soon in trouble with the police. A good-looking Chief Inspector, M. Henri Vidal, saves her from jail by marrying her. This is at first regarded by her little chums as a disaster, but subsequently they, and the older crooks who exploit them, realize that, as a police officer's wife, Mlle. Demongeot could be most useful.

Torn between loyalty to her husband and to her friends, Mlle. Demongeot doesn't know which way to turn. Invariably she chooses the wrong one. Though there are several killings before the happy ending is reached, the film never takes itself seriously: indeed, every time that chain-smoking droll, M. Darry Cowl, puts in an appearance as a policeman with a positive genius for not recognizing "wanted" persons, the whole thing sinks merrily to the level of farce.

Sponsored by the British Petroleum Company as part of its contribution to the Transantarctic Expedition of 1955-58, *Antarctic Crossing* is a splendid documentary account of the final phase of Sir Vivian Fuchs's arduous polar journey. Suffering Snocats! What a time he and his party had, inching themselves along mile after mile in the perishing cold, enduring infuriating setbacks when, despite every reasonable precaution, a tractor plunges into some deep crevasse and has to be painfully retrieved. Among the lumbering and reptilian vehicles, the huskies nip along briskly drawing their sleds and looking wonderfully at home. Mr. George Lowe, who is responsible for the excellent colour photography, tells me that these intelligent dogs bark with delight at the sight of an aeroplane and would sooner travel by air than on foot. In those parts, even I would.

THIS WEEK'S FILMS

The Square Peg—Norman Wisdom, Honor Blackman, Edward Chapman, Hattie Jacques. Directed by John Paddy Carstairs.

The Colossus Of New York—Otto Kruger, John Baragrey, Mala Powers. Directed by Eugene Louris.

Blonde For Danger—Mylene Demongeot, Henri Vidal, Darry Cowl. Directed by Marc Allégret.

Antarctic Crossing—Sir Vivian Fuchs, Sir Edmund Hillary. Documentary, edited by Dennis Gurney.

DUAL RÔLE is played by Norman Wisdom (right, with Campbell Singer) in *The Square Peg*, which is reviewed this week



BOOKS I AM READING

How I envy this 'Ancient Mariner'

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

STANLEY
PARKER
DRAWS . . .

Kay Dick

Distinctive with monocle and cigarette holder, Kay Dick lives on the Mount at Hampstead with her two dachshunds named Bonzo and Leo. Miss Dick has been associated with publishing and book-selling since she was 20 (she was assistant editor of John O'London's) but it is as a novelist that she has made her name. Her latest book, Solitaire (Heinemann), is reviewed this week. She is now at work on a study of PIERROT through the ages

TRAVEL BOOKS, more potent escape-literature than any novel, may instruct, edify, astonish, or offer a shared delight. Mr. Patrick Leigh Fermor's books do all these things, and also fill one with a sort of golden, uncorrupting envy. What a life, and how guiltlessly he enjoys it. I have a rosy image of him rambling tirelessly round Greece (a thing distinguished Englishmen have been doing ever since Byron) thinking about retsina and the Medusa and the Cyclops and the heady pleasures of writing the next book. A good travel book for me is one which, among other things, clearly communicates the personality of the writer, and Mr. Leigh Fermor seems to come across triumphantly as one of the world's best travelling companions, properly obsessed by his subject, and marvellously free from travel-snobbery.

Mani (John Murray, 18s.), is a long, unhurried book about the things that filled the author with "interest, curiosity, pleasure or excitement" on his travels in a remote and wild region in the Southern Peloponnese. He digresses—but all his digressions are ultimately to the point—about ikon-painting, going to the barber's, the Greek display of grief at funerals, gorgons, dolphins, nereids, and everything fits justly and elegantly into the pattern of his journey. His main concern is with the people and landscape of the Mani, but he sees them with cunning double vision, their past and their myths as much present as their daily preoccupations. Mr. Leigh Fermor is the Ancient Mariner for me, and the agreeable thing is that his glittering eye is already fixed on "other books to follow."

On the other hand, the 1958-59 edition of the annual publication, **The Mountain World** (Allen & Unwin, 25s.), is the kind of travel-literature that makes me hug the cosy familiarity of London fog to me like an eiderdown of security. This is a collection of articles on climbing exploits by expert mountaineers, and as armchair-climbing exercises upon me a dreadful compulsive fascination—the vertigo made bearable by the thankfulness for not being there at the time—this book delighted and alarmed me in about equal measures. It is full of appalling courage and determination, and illustrated with many hair-raising photographs of jagged snow-peaks with insanely brave midgets in black goggles climbing over them. Some of the real horror (for instance, the bleak footnote, "In our table only the fatal accidents on Eiger are listed") is counterbalanced by the exotic atmosphere ("Beyond a minute shrine half-way up the gorge we were not allowed to take eggs or chickens; coolies of low caste had to be dismissed.") I am just able to imagine that to a true mountaineer this book may seem like a calm, factual progress report. I count myself lucky, together with the low caste coolies—though nothing could have impeded my quaking journey through this astonishing book.

More feelings of profound relief are engendered by the sprightly Mr. E. S. Turner's social history of medical men, **Call the Doctor** (Michael Joseph, 21s.). Mr. Turner has already done a bland and expert dissecting job on advertising, courting, and the British Officer, and his irreverent, disabused gaze and lively curiosity have settled upon another richly rewarding

subject. Even though I sometimes wonder glumly why the doctor is reverting to such an important position as magic Medicine Man in our lives (a green masked face peering ominously down from the cinema hoardings. *Emergency—Ward 10* pulverizing the captive audience, and every paper insisting that you face the beastly implications of the common cold as stress-symptom), Mr. Turner's fascinating book, bouncing with high spirits, makes one delighted not to have to face eighteenth-century surgery at sea, nor the ocean of gore in which our leech-tormented ancestors unprotestingly paddled, and sometimes even survived.

Christopher Trent's *England in Brick and Stone* (Anthony Blond, 30s.), is an agreeable, modest book for non-specialists who enjoy looking at buildings. . . . *Solitaire* (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.), is a new novel by Kay Dick, a writer who is always lively, provocative, intelligent and professional. It is about an investigation of personal relationships in Paris, and the I-figure is so much more interesting and amusing—especially in her observations on the craft of writing—than the people she is studying that I wanted the book to be a straight journal. Unfair, unfair. What I want is another *Unquiet Grave*. Because Mr. Connolly did it once so marvellously, does it mean that no one dares again attempt this kind of book? It could be of course that I am in the lonely and foolish position of one who is mooning about piping for peppermint creams, while writers and readers are all contentedly producing and munching up chocolate drops. . . .

Silver Platter by Ellin Berlin (Hammond, 25s.), is the great American team, the rags-to-riches story epitomized in the life of Mrs. John Mackay the inimitable, who began poor and unfortunate in the middle of the last century, and ended rich and famous. The story is interesting enough to survive its souped-up writing in the manner of a pop novel. . . . *The Young Devils*, by John Townsend (Chatto and Windus, 15s.), is an account of the author's experiences as a teacher in a "difficult" London Secondary Modern and a Secondary Mixed School; salutary, disenchanted, and no doubt truthful, it nevertheless created a spirit of resistance in me because of an odd note of cheapness in the writing. *I'm Going to Maxim's*, by H. J. Greenwall (Wingate, 18s.), is a jolly romp through the shiny history of that restaurant and its clientele—"There were many queer things done by those *noctambules*, hell-bent on having what they believed to be a good time, no matter what the consequences," and so on. The champagne flows, La Belle Otero appears in eight rows of pearls and Cleo de Merode in a fillet and a look of pensive, soulful virtue. . . . Georgette Heyer's *Venetia* (Heinemann, 16s.), is one of those reassuring pieces of high plushy romance in which mettlesome, independent Miss Venetia Lanyon, protectress of her brilliant, sharp-tongued crippled brother, nabs wicked Lord Damerel, Regency rake and certain death to a young girl's reputation, but naturally redeemed by a good girl's love.

THE SOCIAL ORDER OF TOMORROW mentioned in the caption to the picture of the author, Archduke Otto von Habsburg (our issue 26 November), is published by Oswald Wolff Ltd.



KEEPING A BALANCE. This picture won Barnet Saidman of the News Chronicle first prize in the colour category of British Press Pictures of 1958, the competition organized by the Encyclopaedia Britannica

CONIFER GARDEN planted ten years ago on the day the Prince of Wales was born. From *Miniature Trees And Shrubs*, Anne Ashberry (Kaye, 25s.)



BURMA rubies (perfectly matched) are combined with diamonds in a necklace by Cartier which with its matching bracelet costs nearly a king's ransom. For comparison an earlier chef d'oeuvre is shown, a serpent clock in gold and enamel which is one of the famous Imperial Easter eggs by Fabergé from the Wartski collection. The White EMBA Jasmin mink tie so much in keeping with the luxury of the jewels, old and new, comes from Bradleys

VICTORIANS admired this magnificent diamond necklace which can also be worn as a tiara. It's price is £9,000 and there is a separate frame to which the necklace can be attached. The antique drop diamond ear-rings worn with it cost £2,500. Fabergé is represented again with a lorgnette in pale mauve enamel set with gold and diamonds, price: £650. All from Wartski, Regent Street, W.1

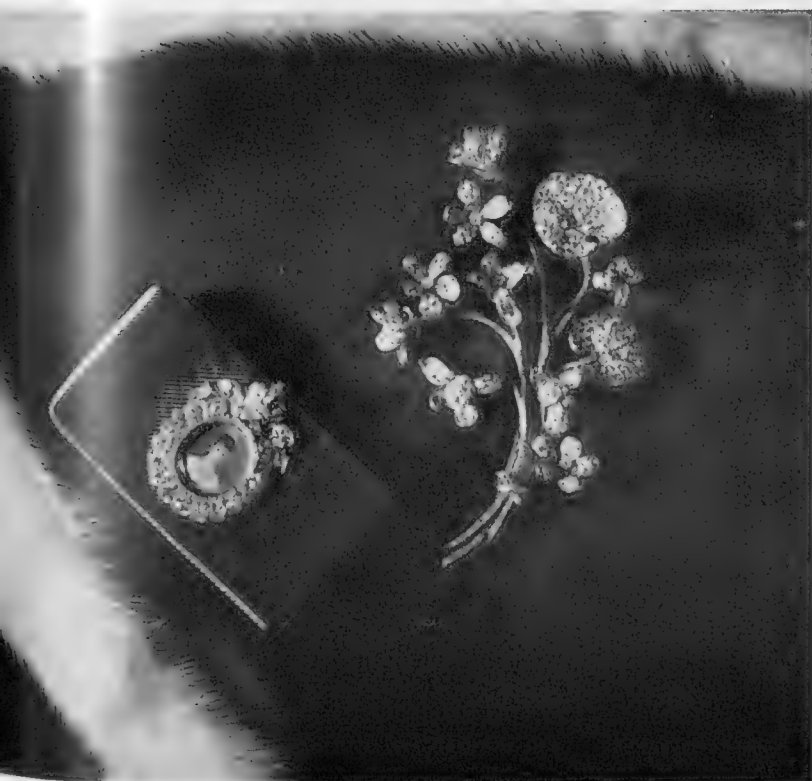
For many women the ultimate choice
in gifts may prove . . .

A dream of diamonds



A six-page Christmas Eve selection
shows some of the heirlooms of the
past and the masterpieces of today

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE



PRINCELY the gift from the Czarina Marie Feodorovna to Edward VII after a cruise in the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert in 1909. The box in solid gold with a miniature of the Empress set in diamonds on the lid was made by Friedrich Köchli and the price is £1,500. The diamond flower spray of violets is an example of the work of the mid-19th century Parisian craftsman Vever, and costs £2,500. Both are in the Wartski collection



Gold wire work, much in demand for modern jewellery, is a setting for diamonds encrusted in the golden plait of this bracelet by Boucheron, Bond Street, W.1, price: £765. The ring, a specimen topaz surrounded by diamonds set again in gold wire, and the woven gold cigarette case with diamond clasp also come from Boucheron. Prices: £280 and £305 respectively. For contrast, an Elizabethan (1579) silver gilt tazza. Formerly owned by the Duke of Cumberland, a son of King George III, it is now in the Wartski collection and priced at £2,850

The flattery of

Gold wire, exquisitely woven, provides a setting of contrast for contemporary splendour



Perfection in miniature from the Swiss firm of Vacheron et Constantin who have surrounded this tiniest of watches with diamond arabesques set in platinum. There is a platinum bracelet strap and the watch with its small seven ligne baguette movement represents the height of the watchmaker's art. Price: about £800

The brilliance of the diamond flatters any other precious stone or metal with which it comes in contact. The combination is shown to effect in this suite comprising necklace, bracelet and ring where diamonds and Burma rubies are placed in a setting of gold wire work. This fine example of modern craftsmanship is at Garrards, Regent Street. Prices: £392 10s., £310 and £145 respectively



Michel Molinare

opposites



This brooch in fine 18-carat gold wire with a diamond cluster centre is an example of the work of Michael Gosschalk, of Motcomb Street, S.W.1, who designs all his own jewellery. The price is £345. His cocktail ring, in which clusters of diamonds and sapphires are mounted on an 18-carat gold shank, costs £325

Timing today—and a choice for the fair



Above: A nine-carat gold Omega bracelet watch with a four-strand gold strap. The "glass" is of faceted white sapphire. Mappin & Webb, Regent St. Price: £70

Left: The fashionable tiny watch set in a diamond and platinum bracelet. It is a Cyma from Watches of Switzerland. Bond St. Price: about £600

Below: Two views of the same dual-purpose watch. It can be worn by day simply as a neat and purposeful timekeeper while for evening wear the companion gold-set diamond and ruby clip can be slipped over the face as shown in the left-hand picture. Made by Vacheron et Constantin in Switzerland and obtainable at leading jewellers here, the price is about £750



Below: Fair-skinned women often choose aquamarine to flatter their complexions since these delicately tinted stones do not compete with soft colouring. The specimen aquamarine brooch and matching ring are surrounded with diamonds. Both come from Aspreys, New Bond St. Prices: £850 and £265 respectively



Michel Molinare



Above: A fine aquamarine is the pendant on a coiled gold wire chain caught at the throat with a circle of diamonds. The matching aquamarine ring is surrounded by diamonds and set in coiled gold wire. Both come from Benson's, Bond Street, prices: for the pendant, £275, for the ring, £252 10s.

Left: This ring, a collector's piece which belonged to King Stanislaw of Poland, bears his crown and cipher in diamonds on a background of the rich blue enamel so well loved by the jewellers of the past. The Louis XVI snuff-box is in translucent blue enamel and gold; with a miniature painted on the lid. Both relics are in the Wartski collection, the ring costing about £500 and the snuff-box (made in 1783) £1,275

IT COULD BE FOR YOU . . .

For a carefree stroll into the



New Year

Epitome of the casual look forecast for 1959, this sheepskin jacket (exactly right for the country scene) is one of many styles from the Army & Navy Stores, Victoria Street, S.W.1, who have specialized in making them for many years and who will also clean the jackets when necessary, using a special furrier's process. The clothes shown with it come, too, from the Army & Navy Stores. It is lightweight and easy to wear, the main seams being "strapped" for freedom of movement. The length is fingertip with pockets set at a convenient diagonal. Shown here in sand colour it is also available in mushroom. Price: £37 15s. It is worn with a brown, grey and white hounds-tooth check straight tweed skirt with double fan pleats back and front; side pockets are subtly concealed and trimmed with suede. Price £5 19s. 6d. in a variety of tweeds. The silk Paisley scarf from a wide selection costs 29s. 11d. and the washable Pullman "Rapier" driving gloves with French crocheted backs and perforated capeskin palms are priced at about 31s. 9d. Shooting stick from Champion & Wilton. *Right:* A casual sweater in donkey brown lambswool with a V-neck and the hem just touching the hips. The price is 59s. 6d., and it is also obtainable in several other colours



Winter time is bootie time! This pair of Clark's Igloos are in dark brown suède and tan ponyskin lined throughout with the warmest sheepskin, and rubbersoled. Price: 79s. 9d. from a wide selection at the Army & Navy Stores. Bridles and hunting saddle come from Champion & Wilton, 36 North Audley Street, W.1

For last-minute gifts by JEAN STEELE



For the home—a hand-painted Italian lamp in wrought iron, (£6 6s., shade, 16s. 11d.). Harrods



For the photographer—a Super Silette with built-in range-finder coupled to a fast lens (£50 11s. 3d.). Wallace Heaton Ltd.



For charm—Pink Lilac dusting powder packed by Morny with several scents of soap (24s. 6d.). Leading stores



For drinks—a tray by Fornasetti. It gives a résumé of cocktail recipes (£5 15s. 6d.). Marshall & Snelgrove



For the practical—reference book set (39s. 6d.) Dickins & Jones; lighter (£3 15s.) rechargeable torch (48s. 6d.). Harvey Nichols



For the traveller—a special bottle of Worth perfume containing $\frac{1}{8}$ th of a fluid ounce (21s.). Stores & chemists



For comfort — cushions: Velvet stripe (£8 8s.), rayon damask wreath (50s.), gold (39s. 6d.). Harrods



For decoration—a spray of silk roses. These can be bought either in lemon or pink (£1 7s. 6d.). Dickins & Jones



For carrying—*flacon précieux* is the name of the new container for Crêpe de Chine perfume (£1 18s.). F. Millot



The Christmas pudding pack conceals a 9-oz. ball of bath soap (7s. 6d.) made by Bronnley



A coffret containing bath essence, toilet powder and soap (27s. 3d.). In flower scents. By Floris



Novelty packs for soaps (the wheelbarrow), bath salts and hand lotion. By Charles of the Ritz



BEAUTY

Fragrance for the giving

by JEAN CLELAND

CHRISTMAS EVE, and just time to rush round for those eleventh-hour gifts that have somehow or other been forgotten, or left to the end. No time to find out sizes in gloves, taste in ties, preference for colours. The answer is simple. Pull up in the perfumery department of any of the big stores. Here you will find all you need to delight the feminine heart. Sweet-scented luxuries, gay frivolities, and the sort of things women regard as extravagances, and do not always buy for themselves. Men, too, are not averse to some of the excellent toilet ranges that have been created specially for their use.

Here, to save time, are some suggestions. In a wide price range, from the inexpensive to the costly, are the overnight beauty cases and toilet bags. You can get these cases complete with beauty preparations, or fitted with empty jars and bottles to be filled according to taste. Toilet cases for face flannel, tooth-brush, etc., with jars and bottles, come in attractive colours and varying sizes.

Toilet soaps and bath soaps are always acceptable, and make the perfect small gift. Bronnley's have some bright ideas. You can get soap "Sea shells" in all sorts of attractive colours, and a large ball of bath soap disguised as a Christmas pudding.

Most of the well-known perfumery makers and beauty houses have delightful coffrets ranging from large ones containing whole sets of bath luxuries, to others with two or three items such as hand lotion and toilet water, bath salts or talc, bath oil and dusting powder and so on. There are excellent ranges, too, for men, attractively packed by well-known makers.

Few women can resist a bottle of exquisite scent. When considering some of the new ones, do not forget such well-loved favourites

as Worth's *Je Reviens*, Patou's *Amour*, *Amour*, Chanel's No. 22, and Millot's *Crêpe de Chine*. These are all well tried, and have stood the test of time.

Sweetly perfumed gifts, more modestly priced than the scents themselves, offer a large choice. Among them are skin perfumes, and the skin fresheners to rub on after the bath, lovely essences with all the flower scents of summer, many of which can be found in the Floris range. There is also Floris's delightful Perfume Vapourizer, in which a whole room is scented simply by pouring a few drops of perfume on to an asbestos disc, and placing the disc on an electric light bulb.

The selection of scent sprays seems to be bigger than ever this year. There are attractive little ones for travelling, some charming designs in Limoges china and, for a particularly nice present at a moderate price, I suggest a china spray with a powder bowl to match for the dressing table.

Manicure sets are the sort of gifts that most people would like to have and, amongst a wide variety, there are some that fold flat for taking away. Lovely for visiting, too, are the tissue box holders in floral glazed chintz with make-up capes to match.

Men's toilet accessories can now be had in a number of different makes and ranges. These include soaps, after-shave lotions, talcs, etc., all of which can be bought separately or in coffrets, plastic containers or toilet bags.

Finally, don't forget the gift tokens issued by beauty salons and hairdressers, for gifts of all prices, ranging from permanent waves and salon treatments to beauty preparations and cosmetics. These provide plenty of scope both in the matter of cost and of choice for different friends.

The new Wolseley 15/60 has a luxurious body by Farina



MOTORING

Farina zips up the Wolseley

by GORDON WILKINS

HAVE YOU EVER DRIVEN close behind one of the newer cars at night and had your eyeballs seared as the driver switched on blinding direction indicators which flashed like the Eddystone light? These indicators have changed from a safety device into a potential danger, especially on recent American cars, but people following the new Wolseley 15/60 will not be blinded, although the tail, stop and reverse lamps set into its tall, sharp fins are among the largest yet seen on a British car. By day, the indicators will flash brightly enough to be seen in strong sunshine, but, when the side lamps are switched on at lighting-up time, a resistance is brought into the circuit which cuts down the intensity of the indicator lamps.

This is only one of the practical features of the new model with the Farina-styled body which the B.M.C. has chosen to announce just a few days before Christmas. It has a wrap-round windscreen, but not the extreme kind that can catch knees and ladder stockings as you enter. The luggage trunk is enormous—60 per cent larger than that on the big Wolseley 6/90. There is a new door lock which really does shut with a quiet click-click, so that the neighbours need not be wakened when the party breaks up after midnight and there are new safety catches which even the modern mechanically minded child cannot reach once the door is closed.

Elegant and practical bumpers protect the sides as well as the ends of the car and the crash pad on top of the instrument panel is matt black to suppress reflections. Interior

lights are rose-tinted to impart that healthy bronzed look to the occupants. I like the driving position, the drop-centre steering wheel, the half horn-ring and the pull-up hand brake, but the lack of a vanity mirror on the passenger's visor seems a surprising omission on such a well-finished car, and one looks in vain for parking lamps, or a head lamp flasher switch for the motorways.

With its 1½-litre four-cylinder engine giving 55 horsepower on the test bed, the 15/60 is said to touch 80 m.p.h. and cover 37 miles on a gallon of fuel at 40 m.p.h.

Speed limits on light pick-up trucks are to be reviewed, so British designers may eventually be free to develop this handy type of vehicle which is already evolving rapidly in other countries. It need not necessarily be the chunky light truck which we know now; it can be anything from a four-seater saloon with an open cargo space instead of a luggage trunk, such as the Japanese Prince, to a rugged cross country vehicle like the long-wheelbase Land-Rover.

The Americans are now developing a dream car pick-up with sleek coupé-body seating three abreast, and an open box for camping kit or sports gear set between big tail fins. Both Ford and Chevrolet are building them. The next step would be to add a metal cover which could be locked and some stylists have suggested that with the lid propped up, the tailgate dropped and clip-on curtains to fill in the sides, one would have a snug tent for weekend camping, with no problems of ground sheets and puddles.

At present these pick-ups are all subject to a 30 m.p.h. speed limit at all times, except if they have four-wheel drive, which is quite illogical. But the speed limit is not the only problem. The Customs and Excise people have also shown that they wished to have no truck with new fangled ideas. Two years ago, when Austin produced an A.35 pick-up the authorities sprang a surprise, assessing it as a private car to be taxed at 60 per cent on the whole value instead of accepting the commercial vehicle rate of 30 per cent on the chassis only which applied to all other pick-ups. The model was dropped as a result.

I imagine the ultimate aim will be to produce a set of regulations like those applying to station wagons. If your vehicle escapes from the 30 m.p.h. limit outside built-up areas, it will almost certainly qualify for the high private car rate of purchase tax. If you manage to get away at the low commercial vehicle rate of tax you will probably have to be content with 30 m.p.h. everywhere. It is a tidy arrangement for the tax gatherers but does not necessarily contribute anything to road safety.

In the station wagon market there has not been much choice for anyone who requires more than six seats since Sydney Allard ceased building the Safari. There are eight-seaters in the United States, but over here, people tend to buy a light bus instead, especially as it carries no purchase tax if there are 14 or more seats. However, Renault are finding quite a steady demand for the new Manoir, which can be had with eight seats.

It has automatic transmission as standard and independent rear suspension. Citroën also offer eight seats on the I.D. 19 station wagon and this has all-independent suspension plus adjustable ground clearance, but no plans have yet been announced for its sale in England.

Chevrolet's El Camino combines passenger-style lines with truck space



The Renault Manoir station wagon seats eight, costs £1,549 7s.



party page

continued from pages 766-7

EGGNOGS

sugar and then slowly add one quart of rum and one pint of peach or apricot brandy, stirring all the time. Beat the 12 egg whites until they are stiff and stand in peaks. Take half of them and fold into the nog. Then pour the rest of the beaten whites over the top of the nog.

It is difficult to stop this nog halfway, as the liquor doesn't cook the eggs in the same way. So if you haven't a large enough frig. to chill the whole nog, chill the rum and brandy and the cream thoroughly in advance, before starting.

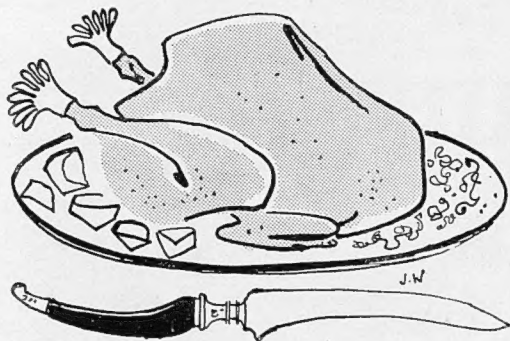
There's an individual version of an egg nog that's a great

tradition in my own family. It's been the reviver and sustainer in most of the crises in my life and is just the thing to keep you going when you're too tired or too excited to eat.

INDIVIDUAL EGGNOG: Beat up one whole egg and to it add a good tablespoonful—or more—of brandy or whisky, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Heat a quarter of a pint of milk until it is just about to boil. Then pour it—onto the egg, which you must keep whisking all the time.

When you've drunk this, you'll feel able to face going out again to another party.

It'll be just too bad if it's an eggnog affair.



COLD TURKEY

little chopped onion. Season to taste. Thin down some real mayonnaise with single cream or top milk or canned evaporated milk and pour it over the mixture. Turn about to mix well. Place in an oval or round mould, depending on the platter on which it will be served.

In another basin, dress canned or cooked frozen peas and diced carrots with diluted mayonnaise.

Just before the meal, unmould the bowl of turkey or chicken salad on to its serving dish. Spoon the peas and carrots around it and garnish with curly endive, quartered tomatoes, and hard-boiled eggs and sliced beetroot.

My stand-by for a "scratch" meal is a risotto and here is how I make it with bits and pieces of cooked poultry. For 6 people, melt 2 oz. butter in a large

frying-pan—one of those non-stick ones is ideal. Add 8 oz. Italian round rice, unwashed but rubbed in a cloth. Stir it over a medium heat with a wooden spoon. When it becomes translucent, add a chopped onion and cook for another minute or two. Add enough stock to cover the rice and, if there is any dry white wine, a glassful of it. When this has been absorbed by the rice, add a little more.

I add a couple of chopped tomatoes, some chopped green sweet peppers, if I have them, and 2 to 4 oz. halved unopened tiny white mushrooms, first gently cooked in a little butter and a squeeze of lemon juice, and the poultry "bits." Cover and cook very slowly for ½ hour or until the rice is ready and excess moisture absorbed. Finally, add another ounce of butter, in pieces, and send the dish to table with it melting through the risotto.

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DINING OUT

The modern mine host

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

IT WOULD SEEM that catering in the inns of England is becoming almost as important as selling drinks. Take Goodhew's, for example, who own the Pier Hotel in Chelsea; they have transformed the place completely and you can enjoy charcoal grills or roast, milk-fed chickens from the revolving spit, and many other things, in a room looking out over the Thames.

The wine list is on the short side, but gives an adequate range at a reasonable price; the clarets start at 13s. 6d. for a bottle of St. Julien 1952, to a Château Talbot 1950 at 32s.; the burgundies at 13s. 6d. for a 1955 Beaujolais to a Corton Clos du Ro 1950 at 29s. 6d. There are many other wines available, some by the glass—a Spanish burgundy, for example, will cost you 1s. 6d.

Mr. Donald Goodhew tells me that a new wine list is being prepared for their chain of smart grill rooms. It will be twice the size.

The Pier is run by Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Rignell who were previously at The George at Stratford. Before they went in for innkeeping, they

were involved in vastly different activities. Mr. Rignell was an ex-Inspector at Scotland Yard. During the war he held the rank of major and was attached to the Special Investigation Branch, spending a considerable time in Malaya, and at this time Mrs. Rignell was a nursing sister in West Africa.

Another of the Goodhew establishments is the Hogsmill Tavern at Worcester Park in Surrey; a magnificent affair that they built from scratch. They have a menu which would grace the West End; the poached halibut with shrimp sauce and creamed potatoes at 8s. 6d., and the steak Tartare à la Maison (which I tried) at 12s. 6d. were excellent.

Here again on the wine list you have a fair choice. A bottle of Château Pontet Canet 1953-55 will cost you 20s. and a château bottled Latour '50, 39s. 6d., but there are plenty of wines for much less.

Restaurant manager John Ramirez hails from Spain and received his initial training with the Cunard Line. The establishment has been managed by Mr. & Mrs.

W. D. Spurling since its opening. They have both been with Goodhew's for the last seven years, directing various hotels. Prior to this Mr. Spurling had been on the stage for most of his life.

Another mighty inn built from scratch which has just opened in Leicester Square is the Samuel Whitbread, built by Whitbread's and named after its founder, who set up in business in a small brewery in Old Street, Finsbury, in 1742, and then moved to Chiswell Street, where Whitbread's beers have been brewed ever since.

The Samuel Whitbread, designed by Sir Thomas Bennett, boasts a fine restaurant on the first floor looking out over the square. As they say: "This is an English inn. The dishes in its restaurant are British, many prepared from traditional recipes. The food comes from the British countryside and the seas around," to which I shout Hooray! There are no better basic materials available on earth.

There is a long list of intriguing dishes. Among the soups, for example, there is The Judge's Circuit made mainly with veal and rice, 3s., and Poacher's, made from game and assorted vegetables, 3s.

Under fish, there is baked mackerel with gooseberry sauce, 5s. 6d., and Brixham lobster cooked with brandy and cream, served with rice, 12s. 6d.; from what they

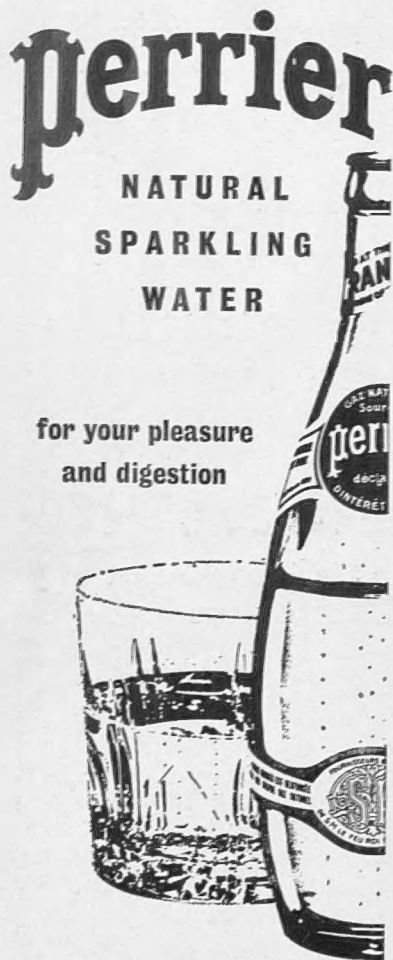
describe as made dishes you can have Red Poll/Aberdeen Angus rump steak, kidney, mushroom and oyster pie, 9s. 6d., and Norman Douglas's pork chop, fried in its own fat, served with tomato essence and carraways, 9s. 6d.

Among the grills they appear to concentrate on Red Poll/Aberdeen Angus for their meat dishes.

Under roasts from the oven you can even have a gipsy partridge, stuffed with mushrooms and roasted, which, when available, will cost you 42s. 6d. for two persons.

Finally, if you like sweets you can have a Yorkshire apple pie with Wensleydale cheese for 3s. 6d.,

There is a sensible wine list ranging in price from 12s. for vin ordinaire, to 45s. for a '53 Château Mouton Rothschild, etc.



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